National Anti-Slavery Standard.

VOL. XXI. NO. 30. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1860. WHOLE NO. 1,070.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY, ON SATURDAY,

AT TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM,

BY THE

AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY,

At its Office, No. 5 Beekman Street, New York,

AND AT THE OFFICE OF THE

PENNSYLVANIA ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY,

107 *N. Fifth St., above Arch, Philadelphia.*

Letters for publication, or relating in any way to the editorial conduct of the paper, should be addressed, "EDITOR OF THE NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, NEW YORK."

Letters enclosing subscriptions, or relating in any way to the business affairs of the paper, should be addressed, "PUBLISHER OF THE NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, NEW YORK."

ADVERTISEMENTS, 10 cents per line each insertion.

Pro-Slavery.

In this Department we give place to such extracts from the Pro-Slavery Press, North and South, as serve best to illustrate the character of Slavery and the spirit of its champions and apologists.

THE SPIRIT OF THE SOUTH.

RECENT LYNCHINGS OF NEW YORK MEN IN SAVANNAH.

From The New York Times, Nov. 29th.

AMONG the passengers by the steamer Alabama from Savannah was Mr. James Sinclair, a native and lifetime resident of this city. The account which he gives of his reception and treatment by the hospitable citizens of Savannah is interesting, as showing the fraternal feeling evinced by them towards all people who have the misfortune of hailing from New York. The statement of Mr. Sinclair is as follows:

"My name is James Sinclair, and I was born in this city. Having a brother in Augusta, Ga., and being out of employment, I went to Savannah about the 8th of November, intending to go on to Augusta, in the hope of obtaining work in my regular line of carpentry. I took up my temporary lodging at the City Hotel in Savannah. While there, numerous inquiries were made concerning me and my business, which not being satisfactorily answered, eventuated in an order from the Vigilance Committee commanding my immediate departure from the city. This order did not commend itself to my idea of propriety, and I declined obeying. A few hours subsequently, a man came into the hotel and desired a few moments private conversation with me. Confidingly I followed him, and upon my stepping upon the sidewalk, his treachery became apparent. About thirty men surrounded me—each man drew a revolver, and each man drew a bowie-knife—each man vehemently demanded my company, and each man made it his duty to see that I complied with the united demand. Powerless and indignant, I was dragged along the street. On the way to the place of torture, I was constantly assailed by the most blasphemous and obscene epithets, the mob dwelling particularly on the fact that I was a New York Yankee. Quids of tobacco were thrown into my eyes, blinding my sight and causing intense pain. My efforts to relieve my eyes brought blows from the butt of a pistol and threats of instant death.

"They took me through the streets, on and on, till we reached the City Park. There they ordered me to undress, and as I did not deem it desirable to obey their indelicate suggestion, they one and severally forcibly removed my coat, my pants, and even my under clothing. In vain did I appeal to the police, both mounted and on foot; they dared not interfere, and indeed, just prior to our arrival at the Park, one of them told me, he would not do it for his right arm. I then appealed, again and again, to the leaders of the gang, who were, to all external appearance, gentlemen, to know why they were thus dealing with me, and the only and unvarying replies would be that I had tampered with slaves—a charge utterly unfounded in truth and incapable of proof. Having torn my clothes from my body, they compelled me first to kneel, and then forced me to lie upon the ground—my face being turned downwards—whereupon they lashed me with exceeding severity with a cat-o'-nine-tails—bruising the skin, lacerating the flesh, and causing sensations such as I never before experienced. This treatment was varied by an occasional kick in the face from a heavy boot, or a rap on the head with the butt end of a pistol. After they had finished the castigation, they permitted me to put on my torn and tattered garments, and then told me to run for my life, that they would give me ten yards start, after which they should fire upon me. I started—I ran—they pointed their revolvers and shouted—I jumped a fence, and they yelled with rage. Frantic with pain, with head half turned and body sore, I returned by side-paths to my hotel, the proprietor of which told me it would not be safe for me to remain, or well for him to retain me. I staid all that night with him, and the next night (Friday) applied to Capt. Schenck, of the Alabama, which was to sail on Saturday, for permission to pay my passage and go on board. He declined to receive me, saying that if he did, the mob would tear his ship to pieces. I didn't know what to do. I was not safe at the hotel; I couldn't remain in the streets; I knew no friend, and had it not been for a Mr. Sherman, who took me to a sailor's boarding-house, I don't know what would have become of me. On Saturday I went to the Alabama, and the purser told me Capt. Schenck had given orders to put me on shore if I went on board, as he was afraid people would do violence to the ship if I was allowed to remain. Notwithstanding that, I went below, and was hid until after the steamer had got far out to sea."

The foregoing statement, we have every reason to believe, is correct. Mr. Sinclair made it to us in our office, and having been requested to strip, did so, and showed us the yet unhealed sores made by the application of the cat-and-nine-tails, the boots and pistols of the members of the Vigilance Committee of the city of Savannah.

The other victim of these lawless outrages, who was arrested at the same time and treated in the same inhuman manner, also escaped with his life, and reached the home of his widowed mother in this city on Tuesday. He is so badly injured that he has been confined to his bed ever since. He was a weak and rather delicate man. When he sufficiently recovers to do so, he will relate the particulars of the outrages he has suffered for having been a New York Yankee.

Still another case was personally related to us by Mr. Wm. T. Reynolds, the son of a respectable New York merchant. He states that on Sunday, Nov, 18, while boarding at the City Hotel, he received the following notice:

"SAVANNAH, Nov. 18, 1860.

"SIR: Understanding you to be an Abolitionist, and believing you to be such, you are requested to leave town on or before Tuesday next, or else to suffer the consequences.

"By favor of the Southern Rights Association."

Mr. Reynolds, with a Savannah gentleman (P. G. Thomas, Esq.), called upon Charles C. Jones, Jr., Mayor of Savannah, who told him to pay no attention to the notice, and, if he was attacked, to protect himself. He was troubled no further until Thursday, Nov. 22, when a Committee, calling themselves the "Vigilance Committee of Savannah," waited upon him at the Scriven House, and told him unless he could give good references as to character, etc., they would give him a "tight-jacket"; but he was to meet them at their rooms the next day at 12 o'clock and convince them he was a good citizen.

He presented the following "Pass," which saved his life:

"This is to state that, so far as my knowledge of Mr. Reynolds is concerned (and probably I have seen as much of him as any man in the city of Savannah), he has always conducted himself as becomes a gentleman, and that of a good and orderly citizen, and never in my hearing, or to my knowledge, has he uttered one word derogatory to Southern institutions or Southern rights.

"Yours, respectfully, JAMES BILBO.

"Savannah, Nov. 23, 1860.

"To the extent of my knowledge, I indorse the above.

"P. G. THOMAS.

"So far as my acquaintance with Mr. Reynolds has extended, I do freely, and with pleasure, indorse the within statements and facts. G. W. LAWTON.

"Savannah, Nov. 23, 1860. Bluffton, S. C."

After being discharged from custody on the strength of the above "Pass," he was assured by the President and officers of this Vigilance Committee that hereafter he could consider himself "their brother." Two hours afterwards he learned that they were in search for him, having determined to hang him.

A confirmation of these facts will be given shortly by our correspondent, "Grapeshot," who was cognizant of these and other atrocities.

Mr. R. T. Sherman, of this city, and recently clerk at the Pulaski House, Savannah, and one of the Minute Men of that city, gives us the following account of the brutal treatment and subsequent death of a respectable grocer of Savannah, whose crime consisted of being a native of this State.

The Vigilance Committee, which is composed of wealthy and respectable members of society, having learned that Mr. John Byler, a grocer in West Broad street, was a native of New York, determined to get rid of him. An accusation of tampering with slaves, and of allowing them to sit at his table, was trumped up against him, and he was ordered to leave the city. He did not obey. Consequently, on Saturday, the 17th of November, the Committee called on him, took him at some little distance from the city, stripped him, and then applied a coating of hot tar and cold cotton. They then started him on a run, and he, fearing that his life depended upon his legs, ran to so good purpose that he had nearly reached, tired and exhausted, a place of safety, when a brutal policeman overhauled him and struck him heavily upon the back of his head with his pistol, fracturing his skull and forcing him upon the ground.

This was on the 17th November, and on Saturday, the 24th, he was buried.

VISITING ONE'S RELATIVES IN VIRGINIA.

A NEW YORKER THREATENED WITH LYNCHING BY HIS OLD SCHOOLMATE.

From The New York Evening Post.

We have received a call from a builder, an old resident of this city, who has just returned from an exceedingly unpleasant visit to his birthplace in Virginia. A fortnight ago he started from home to make a pilgrimage to Norfolk County, in Virginia, and on arriving there received a welcome from a bevy of uncles, aunts and cousins. His intention was to spend a few days in visits to his father's grave, to the places where he passed his early years, and to the haunts that had been familiar to him. All these little projects could have been fulfilled but for the interruption occasioned by the sudden appearance of one of his old schoolmates, mounted, and riding in hot haste.

Pulling up at the house in which the New Yorker had found lodging, and where he was surrounded by relatives, this emissary announced himself as the agent of a committee of citizens, commissioned to catechize the unhappy visitor. "We have reason to believe"—so the message ran—"that you are an Abolitionist emissary, and by —— we have made up our minds that no man can come here from the North unless he shows himself all right on our institutions." There was more talk to the same effect. Our informant, who is a consistent member of the Methodist Church, was moved with indignation at the profanity with which his fellow-professor and old schoolmate plentifully spiced his lively conversation, and proceeded to labor with him, as a friend labors with a friend. He obtained an admission that the hard swearing was perhaps unnecessary, but was unable so far to gain the confidence of his quondam associate as to get permission to stay. "He was an Abolitionist, he meant to make mischief, and he must leave or take the consequences." Visions of summary punishment flitted before the eye of the unhappy man, and as there was no help for it, he left that rural district before sundown, went to Norfolk, and came home last Thursday.

The name of this gentleman is in our possession. For obvious reasons we do not publish it. As soon as Lincoln is elected, he intends to go back to Virginia.

The indignation of our friend exceeded all bounds. "I am a Methodist," he said, "and I hope I am a Christian man; but I confess that I didn't like to feel that I had to endure all this. I didn't like to have all the manhood in me squelched. It was not pleasant to have one's old schoolfellows come around him, swearing at him and abusing him."

"Good gracious!" he continued, "has it come to that pass that a man can't open his head South as he does North?"

"So they say," remarked some one.

"Well, then, all I have to say is, that it's a burning shame and an outrageous disgrace. Why, there I was, right among my old neighbors, not a gunshot away from my father's grave—all my aunts and cousins were around me—people I had known ever since I was a little boy, and who knew me. I told W——, when he said I was suspected of being an Abolitionist, that I wasn't; but he would not believe me. He said to me, 'How's politics at the North?' I told him I didn't know. 'Ah, pshaw! yes, you do, too.' Then I said, 'Parties are so mixed up that it's hard to tell what is what.' 'That won't do,' he said, 'you know you are going to vote for Lincoln, and you know you've come down here to corrupt our niggers.' I denied that I meant to do any harm to his niggers; but he gave me the lie, and then began to swear at me again. I didn't know what they *might* do, and so I concluded to leave. They were just as likely as not to catch me some dark night and stick a coat of tar and feathers on me. That wasn't pleasant to think of, and so I left."

"You are an old resident of New York, you say?"

"An old resident, sir! I should think I was. I'm well known all around here, and besides that, I have managed to make a little something. To be sure, I don't dress very well [exhibiting the inside of a drab coat which had indubitably seen better days], and I look poor, but I'm worth $70,000, and I live in as good style, in Twenty-sixth street, as most people."

Here the honest man's benevolent face was mantled by a comfortable expression. Then he continued: "I don't care to have my name published, because, you see, I mean to go back there some day, and they might have a grudge against me. But they will live to be wiser, and it won't always be the case that the stars and stripes will fail to protect a peaceful man, at the South or anywhere else."

We parted from our excellent friend, the builder, with a profound impression of the justice of his conclusion. We give his conversation and the narrative of his experiences precisely as they fell from his lips.

A GEORGIAN BANISHED FROM HIS NATIVE STATE.

From The Boston Atlas, November 20.

The steamer Joseph Whitney, Capt. Loveland, which arrived at this port yesterday from Savannah, brought as passengers Joseph William Ribero and family, consisting of himself, wife and two children. Ribero is a native of Savannah, but has forcibly been sent to Boston, and for no crime whatever—hardly a pretence of any. He is a carpenter, and, so far as appears or is known, is a worthy man. A few days since, he was at work repairing a bridge, ten miles from Savannah, over the Skiddaway river. He had eight negroes in his employ. On the 8th inst., a man named Simmons gave Ribero a newspaper, and he sat down on a log to read it, shortly after which, the following dialogue occurred between him and a slave:

"Massa Joe, what's de news?" "Oh, nothing but politics," he replied. "What's politics?" asked the negro. "Voting and so on," said Ribero; "the North is fighting for freedom, and the South for slavery." "Well, will the nigger be free if Lincoln is elected?" asked the negro. "I don't know; that is more than I am able to tell you," said Ribero. The negro returned to his work, and Ribero kept on reading.

As was subsequently ascertained, some of the negroes told their overseer that Ribero said the negroes would be free if Lincoln was elected. The overseer informed his employer, and the planter presented the case before the "Regulators" of Savannah. On the first of last week, the planters of the vicinity, armed with revolvers and bowie-knives, met to try Mr. Ribero for his offence. They empanelled a jury of thirteen men for the purpose, although some were for shooting him, and others for hanging him, without any preliminary ceremony whatever. The farcical sitting was held, but without giving Mr. Ribero any notice. In the course of an hour, the verdict of the jury was communicated to him, the decision being that he should receive thirty-nine lashes, have one side of his hair and whiskers cut close, and be sent to Boston. A man named Dr. Waring acted as barber, and cut off his hair and whiskers, which were very heavy, on the left side, leaving the other side. He was then tied to the top of a sapling bent over for the purpose, stretched up until his toes barely touched the ground, stripped to the skin, and whipped by two negroes. His wife says that his side is cut like meat scored for the oven. They then took him to the Isle of Hope, and kept him there until dusk. He was then placed in a carriage and carried to Savannah, and put immediately on board the steamer, without opportunity to communicate with any of his friends.

The captain of the steamer refused to take him under these circumstances, and when the committee who had charge of him found that out, they told him, "All right;" he might go ashore if he wanted to. He did not dare do this, he says, and he signed a paper which declared that he left the place of his own free will. On those representations, aided by the paper, the captain consented to take him. The next day permission came for him to go on shore, but he declined to do so, as his life would have been in danger. He, however, in the meanwhile, was enabled to join company with his wife and two children, and they accompanied him to this city. The evening previous to the boat leaving, some men called on Mrs. Ribero, at her house in Savannah, and asked her if she was ready to go to Boston. "To Boston!" said she; "who with and what for?" "With your husband," said they; "he is going." "No, he is not," said she; "my husband is at work at Skiddaway." They told her that she didn't know half as much about her husband as she pretended to; that they knew all about him, and that he was already on board the Joseph Whitney. She packed up a few things, bid a hasty adieu to her friends, and joined her husband aboard the boat.

Mr. Ribero could not obtain his tools, and his family were obliged to leave Savannah with little preparation for abandoning their home. They are poor, and, of course, without means of a livelihood. He expresses a willingness to work, and, we doubt not, will procure it in our city. It becomes the charitably disposed, and all who abhor outrage and injustice, to aid this victim of Southern oppression.

Among the schemes suggested for punishing the prisoner, when he was seized, a few were in favor of giving him over to the city authorities. But this suggestion was voted down, and the "Regulators" seemed to think, after they had got Ribero aboard the steamer, that they had done a very bold act without authority. Some of them brandished their pistols and knives, and said they wished he had attempted to run away from them. The whole thing was the work of a lawless mob.

Ribero is thirty-two years old. His wife is about the same age. Her feelings, while upon the wharf yesterday, among perfect strangers, broke out in the most touching manner. The oldest boy is twelve, the youngest four. They are bright looking.

The audacity of this whole thing is only surpassed by its cold-blooded inhumanity.

A NORTHERN MAN'S LETTER BROKEN OPEN.

BOSTON, Nov. 20, 1860.

To the Editor of the Boston Journal.

The following extract is taken from a letter received in this city, this morning, dated Atlanta, Ga., Nov. 12th:

"I wrote you when at Augusta, and then intended to stay there through the winter, but the excitement grew so great, and so much indignation was felt against Northern men, that all were ordered to leave, and I knew that if I stayed there, although I had not lisped a word on political topics, I should be in danger of being strung up. I am at this hotel, and if I had signed my name as coming from the North, I should not have got off short of seventy-five lashes. Democratic papers North say that this lynching is all false, but it is not so. Men have been whipped and driven from the city of Atlanta, a place of 20,000 inhabitants. I saw a man who had been a practising physician for five years, against whom suspicions arose, and while on his way to the Court House to have the thing looked into—as they knew he was innocent, but wanted to have his blood—a mob of five hundred seized the horses, knocked off the driver, took the physician out, and started to drag him across the river into South Carolina, where they would have hung him in five minutes. They were prevented by the entreaties of the Mayor and other prominent citizens. There is no such thing as law here. It is the most desperate country I ever travelled in. Why, they would take the life of a Northerner as quick as that of a puppy. It would frighten you if you could hear the bar-room talk of the roughs. I shake in my boots for fear they will detect me. For God's sake, don't write me till I get settled."

In a postscript added, he says:

"I inclose —— dollars, with which you will oblige me by settling my bill at the —— House, which in my hurry I forgot to pay."

This letter was opened by some one at the hotel or Post Office in Atlanta, the money taken from it, and the following written therein:

"This man is a d——d rascal and traitor; denies his country. I have opened this letter and looked at the contents, suspecting the same from that section, and send you per his request. What a coward and traitor to principle is he! [Signature] ROGERS."

Whether he has been arrested, or what has been done with him, it is impossible to tell now. However, comment on the above is unnecessary.

Being personally acquainted with the writer of the letter, I have no doubt of its correctness in every particular. He left this city two years ago, to engage in business at Augusta, but was obliged to leave, for reasons already given in his letter. When it becomes common for letters to be broken open, then the sooner the mails are discontinued the better.

Yours truly, ORONO.

MAINE SEAMEN FLAYED.

The following communication appears in *The Savannah News*, where it is headed, "Abolitionists Dealt with in Camden County":

"At a meeting of the citizens of Camden County, held on the 6th inst., at Jeffersonton, a committee was appointed to examine the brig Julia A. Arey, of Bangor, Me., and collect proof in relation to certain charges made against her master, E. W. Ryder, and her second mate, Joseph E. Ryder, both of South Orrington, Me. The committee executed that duty, and reported to an adjourned meeting of the citizens, on the following day, and the prisoners were brought before them.

"The citizens of Camden County having deliberately resolved to hang the first Abolitionist they could convict, and not being satisfied with the evidence then before them, adjourned their meeting to the 8th inst., that all the evidence could be elicited, and they could calmly and quietly deliberate upon the guilt or innocence of the prisoners. A jury of twelve men, composed of our best citizens, was then empanelled, and the evidence, under oath, submitted. It appears, beyond doubt, that a man, said to be a mulatto, has secretly passed through our county, representing to our negroes that Lincoln was to be elected, and that then they were to be prepared for a strike for freedom. It was also proved that the prisoners had held improper and dangerous conversation and intimacy with negroes; but the testimony not being sufficiently conclusive, the jury were compelled to render a verdict not to hang, but to flay the prisoners; to confine them in jail until their brig could be dropped down to the Sound, where a committee was appointed to see them safely off, with orders never to return, which sentence was duly and promptly executed.

"It was also resolved that our thanks be returned to Mr. Naylor, of the S. A. & G. Railroad, for his kind notice of certain rumors; that we solicit all such information, although we have every confidence in the perfect subordination of our negroes. It was further resolved that our Senator and Representatives in the Legislature be requested to urge on that body the enactment of a law to prohibit our citizens from permitting their slaves to enter any Northern vessel as pilot, stevedore, or in any other capacity; to allow us the right of search of all such vessels; and the right of selling into slavery all free negroes who enter our waters; which rights we claim in self-defence, and which we mean to exercise at all hazards.

"It was resolved that these proceedings be published in the Savannah papers.

"DUNCAN L. CLINCH, Chairman.

"W. L. Bird, Secretary."

EXPULSION OF DR. THAYER FROM AUGUSTA.

To the Editor of The New York Tribune.

SIR: In *The Boston Journal* of the 16th, I saw an article copied from *The Tribune* of the 15th, in regard to my late expulsion from the city of Augusta, where I have resided for some years. That justice may be done all parties, I deem it my duty to relate the facts in the case. For five years I have resided in Augusta, but, owing to the impaired state of my health, I left there one year ago and came North, where I remained until the 31st of October. I then sailed from Boston, per steamer South Carolina, for Charleston, and arrived in Augusta on Monday, the 5th inst. Everything passed pleasantly until Friday morning, when I received a note, as follows:

"DR. THAYER: You are hereby notified to leave the city at the earliest possible time, or abide the consequences.

"—— PHILIP,
"I. M. HILL."

Being sick in bed, I sent for a friend, who came at once, and took the note to the Mayor. He called at once, and said every effort should be made to stop the thing. Suffice it to say, the authorities did all in their power to suppress the excitement, but all to no effect. At 3½ p. m., I was attacked by three ruffians in front of the Planters' Hotel, who used every exertion to put me into a carriage, and take me to Hamburg, S. C., where my fate would have been sealed. They could not succeed, and began to drag me along the walk, when my wife and daughter heard the noise, and came to my rescue. They caught me, one on either side, and begged them to release me, which, after using many oaths, they did, saying, "Madam, you being a woman, we will give up." She thanked them. We then returned to our room, where our friends came to our relief in great numbers. From this time the excitement increased rapidly; a large crowd had gathered around the house; speeches were made by the most influential men of the city, and every effort used to disperse the mob; but all to no effect. They seemed like so many hungry wolves.

At 5½ p. m., my friends decided that my only safety was immediate flight, as it was impossible to control the mob and defend us, which then amounted to some 500 and more. A carriage was brought to the rear of the house on the back street, to which we were conducted, and driven rapidly away, leaving our baggage behind. We were accompanied by some of the most responsible men of the city, who took us ten miles on the Savannah road, where we arrived at 8 p. m. Here we waited till 1 o'clock, when we got on the cars for Savannah, where we arrived at 7½ a. m. We went directly to the steamer Alabama and took our room, and kept close till the sailing of the boat, at 4 p. m.

In regard to the cause of my expulsion, I have no doubt that two Northern men, both from Massachusetts, were the instigators of the trouble. One of them took a solemn oath that, if I made him pay his bill, he would ruin me, so that I could not live in Augusta. His bill was settled by a third party, who gave me $50 more than I had offered to take. The other was also incensed at a bill for medical attendance, though less than the law allowed me to charge, and has since done all in his power to injure me by circulating various reports without the least foundation. His name was given in Court as an evidence to appear against me to prove my abolition sentiments. Such are the characters of many Northern men who go South, and the North are judged by them.

Let me here say that these Vigilance Committees and mobs are composed of the most low, drunken, irresponsible class of the community, and the instigators are often Northern men. That no blame may be attached to the respectable and responsible portion of the citizens, I will say that they extended the hand of sympathy and friendship, and volunteered their services and lives to defend me from an infuriated mob. They have my sympathies, and ever shall have. Nobler hearts never beat than those of the true, whole-souled Southerners. Would to God there were more like them. I omit calling any names, for, by so doing, I might involve some of my friends in trouble.

Since my arrival North, I am informed that my baggage has been forwarded to me by express, and will come safely to hand. F. R. THAYER, M. D.

Worcester, Mass., Nov. 16, 1860.

CRUELTY TO SLAVES.

The following paragraphs are taken from an affidavit which has been filed in the Justice's Court of the Parish of St. Bernard, Louisiana:

Personally came and appeared before the undersigned, a justice of the peace duly qualified and commissioned, of the Parish of St. Bernard, I, Ernest Cucullu, who, being first duly sworn, declares and says: That, from information received from Marie Louise, a negro woman slave of Augustus W. Walker, of the parish of St. Bernard, he has learned and believes, and charges that the said Augustus W. Walker has for a long time past treated all his slaves in a most inhuman and cruel manner, and still continues so to treat them.

He particularly charges, from the information so received, that the said Walker has kept the said Marie Louise constantly working for two months past, and has daily whipped or caused her to be whipped, during that time, although she is affected to such an extent with falling of the womb as to render it improper and inhuman to require her to work at all, and to make it necessary that she should remain in bed.

He further charges, from the information received from the said Marie Louise, that, for about one month, the said Walker has kept confined and imprisoned two others of his slaves, Jeffrey and Bill, and has whipped, or caused them to be whipped, daily; and has, during all that time, kept their hands tied behind their backs, so that they could not use them in eating.

Affiant further says that Mr. George de Bretton was the overseer of the said Walker up to about two or three weeks since, and affiant has reason to believe that he will be a material witness to substantiate the charges made against the said Walker. Affiant has been informed by said George de Bretton that the said Walker is cruel and ill treats his slaves, and furthermore, that the negro I saw, who drowned himself a few weeks ago, was chastised most unjustly, and it was the cause of his commiting suicide.

Affiant further declares that he was informed from Mr. St. Mark Sarpy, who has been overseeing on the said Walker's plantation, that he has seen the said Walker whip in a cruel manner his slaves, and particularly a young girl, 11 years old, whom he whipped, or caused to be whipped, in three different times the same day, eighty lashes each time; and, furthermore, that the said Walker overworked his negroes.

(Signed,) J. E. CUCULLU.

Sworn to and subscribed at the parish of St. Bernard this 31st day of October, 1860, before me,

(Signed,) PHILIPPE TOCA,
[True copy.] Justice of the Peace.
Parish of St. Bernard, Oct. 31, 1860.

PROSCRIPTION IN NEW ORLEANS.—Mr. George Foester, editor of *The N. O. German Gazette*, recently received the following anonymous note, while in the discharge of his duties:

NEW ORLEANS, November 13.

SIR: Your anti-Southern feelings and principles being well known, and as persons of your character are becoming obnoxious to our population, we would advise you to leave the city within one week from date. If you have any regard for your corporeal welfare, it would be proper for you to comply promptly with our request.

(Signed,) SOUTHERNERS OF THE BLUE COCKADE.

Mr. Geo. Foester, Editor of *The German Gazette*, N. O.

Mr. F. paid no attention to the warning, until his friends urged him to leave, as his remaining would endanger his life. He ascertained that he had been denounced by a rival editor, named Sebastian Seiler, who had also denounced Mr. F.'s predecessor. Mr. F. was finally obliged to leave the city and go to St. Louis.

ANOTHER.—*The Cincinnati Commercial*, of the 27th November, says:

"In answer to some inquiries, we will state that the name of the business man of this city of whom we spoke yesterday, who felt it the part of prudence to retire from New Orleans, owing to the fanatical excitement in that city, is William Glenn, and he is the senior of the firm of William Glenn and Sons, wholesale grocers. It was extensively rumored in the city yesterday, that Mr. Glenn had been driven from New Orleans by threats of violence. This is entirely untrue. The only menace which he received was that contained in the friendly warnings given, that the city was not a place of safety for Northern men of anti-slavery notions. It was known to many that Mr. Glenn was a Cincinnatian, and one of the proprietors of *The Gazette* newspaper; and they knew that if some malicious person were to point him out and hiss a mob upon him, he would be subjected to indignities, and perhaps massacred. So Mr. Glenn came home."

The Richmond correspondent of *The Petersburg Express* says: "I understand from Mr. Thomas B. White, the excellent Route Agent between this city and Weldon, that a Northern drummer entered the cars at the latter place yesterday afternoon, in a dreadful plight, and implored the passengers to aid and protect him. He said he had been rode on a rail for five consecutive hours at Wilson, N. C., and then ordered to leave instanter. All this punishment, he said, was inflicted simply because he spoke in high terms of Old Uncle Abe, of Springfield, Illinois."

NEW YORK PERSONAL LIBERTY BILL.

From The New York Express.

IT is necessary just now to reiterate the fact that, as yet, the Republicans of New York have not been able to drive both branches of the New York Legislature into enacting laws in nullification of the Fugitive Slave act. The Assembly, eighty Republicans, voted for such an act in 1859, but the Hon. Mr. Diven, Republican member of Congress elect, had the address in the State Senate to kill off the bill as "unconstitutional." Mr. Diven, it is true, because of this, was turned out of the State Senate, upon the pretence of being opposed to "liberty," but, in reality, because he would not steal, as the Republican leaders in Albany desired; and yet it is also true, that, in spite of his opposition to the Personal Liberty bill, his constituents have sent him to Congress.

The State of New York has a method in her "madness." The "negro" here is but a *sham* with a great many Republicans, not a reality, as is now being shown upon the negro suffrage vote; and the negro here is used, just as the Maine law was used, or Anti-Rent, or Anti-Masonry, to dupe Republican fools. The leaders have no real meaning, but to steal and to plunder the State, and "the negro" happened to be the fitting instrument for the time being, and hence the 50,000 Republican majority in the State.

Some few years ago—and not many—it will be remembered, that in New York, a Georgia or a Mississippi family could take a negro man or maid servant to Saratoga, Sharon, Niagara, New York city, or its suburbs, and, by the comity of the State, be permitted to hold such as a servant, till their return home. Our fathers accepted all this as right. Even Gov. Seward is on record as indorsing it. The act of comity, however, was repealed when Garrison got the lead of the anti-slavery sentiment in New York, and now we *mob* a Southern man, or Southern woman, even if she brings a black wet nurse here for her infant child, to tarry a summer at our watering places or hotels. All this is an outrage, and the act of comity ought to be restored to the statute book. Even Gov. Seward, we repeat, is on record for it.

The decision in the Lemmon case of our State Court of Appeals is a very provoking and a very vexatious decision, and principles are involved in it, destructive not only of the comity of States, but of the interchange and intercourse of States. We have not the least doubt that the Supreme Court of the United States will reverse the State decision, and hence it is not necessary to say much about it. These facts, however, are all the South have to complain of against New York. The recommendation and vote of the chief man of the Police Board here, James Bowen, that the New York police should aid the Underground Railroad by refusing to help execute a law of the United States in the matter of fugitives, did not prevail, but was voted down. The Underground Railroad, even, is not run much through this State. It works up through Pennsylvania into some of our northern counties; but stealing is not popular in three-fourths of New York State. New York, indeed, has a pretty fair record, in spite of all its faults. *Niggerism* here is not really in earnest, as it is elsewhere, for so we see by the vote against free negro suffrage in several of the strongest Republican counties of the State.

THE WAY TO PUT DOWN ABOLITIONISM.

To the Editor of The Journal of Commerce.

IF this Union is to be preserved from the disastrous results of a demoralizing agitation, the people of the Northern States must first put their shoulders to the wheel. The cause of present trouble originated in the North, and the attempt to remove that cause must originate there also. If the Union is to be saved, it devolves upon the Northern people to do it. If we organize associations devoted to the discussion and promulgation of doctrines antagonistic to abolitionism, or, in other words, to disabusing the public mind of their political and social heresies by the dissemination of tracts and other publications, and by the employment of lecturers to travel through the country and harangue the people after the manner of the Abolitionists themselves, we venture to predict the contest will be equally brief and decisive, provided sufficient means be raised to pay the expenses necessary for pressing the new movement forward to a rapid conclusion. The Southern States cannot be expected to remain in the Union unless they are permitted to remove with their property into the Territories, and have an equal right to organize new slave States as heretofore, if they shall deem it proper. It is also necessary that those States which have enacted laws in conflict with the federal Constitution and the laws of Congress should retrace their steps, and that the Southern people should be permitted to visit the free States, with their body servants, as practised under the administration of Washington, Jefferson, Madison and Monroe. These reforms can soon be brought about through the instrumentality of associations, if their efforts are confined principally within those States in which such offensive laws exist.

We propose the following as a basis for the organization of associations to counteract the influences of abolitionism:

Preamble and Declaration of the Principles and Purposes of the American Anti Abolition Association.

Whereas, There has arrived in our history as a nation an alarming state of mutual alienation and hostility between the people of the two great sections of the Confederacy, which has already resulted in a serious interruption of their commercial, political, and social relations, and which seriously threatens the disruption of our Federal Union; and whereas this calamitous state of things is mainly to be attributed to the unwarrantable interference with the domestic institutions of the South, through the instrumentality of abolition societies, preachers, and writers; and whereas this insidious and active hostility of the abolitionists imperatively calls for an organized movement on the part of the patriotic and conservative citizens of the North, to counteract the destructive theories of political abolitionism: We, the undersigned, in obedience to the parting injunctions of Washington, to "indignantly frown upon the first dawning of every attempt to alienate any portion of our country from the rest, or to enfeeble the sacred ties which now link together the various parts," do hereby form ourselves into an Association, with the following declaration of our principles and purposes:

As to principle: We hold that negro slavery, as it exists in the South, is a necessary institution, founded upon the natural inequality of races, and that in the ordination of Providence it constitutes a relation of protection on the one side, and of dependence on the other; that this relation is recognized as such in our Federal compact; that it should be left to the exclusive management and control of those upon whom its sole responsibility devolves; that any interference with it in one State by the people of another, is alike a violation of Constitutional obligations and of the comity and good faith which should subsist between citizens of equal sovereign States—is opposed to the spirit of humanity and the genius of Christianity, and that all such interference should receive the emphatic rebuke and denunciation of every good citizen who desires the perpetuity of this Republic, and with it the universal good of mankind.

The purposes of this Association are as follows:

1. To disabuse the public mind of the false theories of the Abolitionists, and to expose and counteract the dangerous tendencies and inevitable consequences of their doctrines, by the dissemination of sound principles and correct information, by means of the press and the forum.

2. To discountenance the desecration of the sacred desk by the discussion of this question, contrary to the example of the Great Master, who was born, lived, and died in a land of slavery, and who taught "Peace on earth and good will to men."

3. To sustain the execution of all Federal laws pronounced constitutional by the supreme judicial tribunal of the land; to oppose any attempt at their evasion or nullification on the part of individuals or States; to insist that the penalties of their infraction shall be rigidly enforced, and that every provision of our Federal compact, in its letter and spirit, shall be carried out in entire good faith.

To these principles and purposes, we hereby pledge our names and efforts, and invite the cooperation of all good citizens.

THE REMEDY FOR THE NEGRO MANIA.

From The New York Express.

An article in a morning paper proposes a remedy for the present evils that oppress the country—a remedy which has in it much to recommend the proposition to thinking and earnest patriots. The fact that a great deal of the diseased state of public opinion is owing to the incessant agitation of anti-slavery societies, is indisputable; the Abolitionists themselves avow this, and glory in it; and all familiar either with history or with living men, must be aware of the immense influence of the incessant repetition of ideas. *Fas est ab hoste doceri*, and if the friends of peace and harmony would learn a lesson from the pestilent fanatics whose leaven has leavened so much of the opinion of the North, they would attempt to fight the Abolitionists with their own weapons. They would immediately organize associations similar in character to those anti-slavery ones, but with diametrically opposite views; they would disseminate correct ideas in regard to the relations of the free and slave States; they would speak and discuss and write, spread pamphlets, hold meetings, all without reference to any political party, but simply with a view to influence the public mind, to correct the violent and injurious opinions that are so current; to teach the people the fact that no irrepressible conflict between slavery and the free States need exist; to show them that both portions of the country lived in harmony for half a century, each encouraging its own institutions, and refraining from meddling with those of the other; to inculcate upon the great masses the infinite importance to them, and to the entire nation, that this harmony should be resumed.

A systematic, and, above all, a persistent effort of this sort could not fail to produce beneficial results; the truth, when discussed and made plain, and repeatedly pressed home, would be sure to be accepted, would spread, would react, and in the end overturn this monstrous and terrible evil of interference and fanaticism, whose shadow now blights the fairest prospects of our country. This remedy seems to us at once feasible and sure; we are glad to indorse it, and to recommend it heartily to all true friends of the forbearance and concession which once influenced the different members of this Confederacy.

The great error of New York was, in 1850, in abandoning the system then initiated from Castle Garden, of lectures, published addresses, etc., throughout the whole year, and not just before election. Abolitionism in 1850 was nullified by this movement, and never could have been revived if the movement had been kept alive. Men are now losing tens of thousands of dollars in business, from whom an annual contribution of $100 would have kept the country in peace.

A SLANDERER ON HIS TRAVELS.

From The Utica Morning Herald—a Republican paper—November 22.

REV. DR. CHEEVER, who is perambulating England begging money for his Church, and slandering the American clergy and the American people, although meeting with very fair success on the whole, occasionally "runs against a snag." Thus, at a meeting of English Abolitionists, recently held at Radley's Hotel, London, for the purpose of raising money for this distinguished champion of a "free pulpit," a gentleman rejoicing in the mythical initial of "D." committed the unpardonable sin of asking why, if $1,500 a year only was needed to pay the ground rent of the Church of the Puritans, it happened that, "with such an able and faithful pastor, and with such a noble cause, so small a sum could not be raised in New York or the United States, even if the Church were unable to do it?" Whereat the Rev. Dr. Cheever waxed exceedingly wroth, and pitched into the unfortunate catechizer after a most unchristian fashion. Having annihilated the doubting "D.," he "improved the occasion" to launch into a fresh tirade against American morals in the general, and American clerical morals in particular. He said, among other things, "that *not a minister in the United States ever uttered a syllable in the pulpit against the Dred Scott iniquity:* and they dared not do it, as the moneyed part of their congregations would leave them if they did." What effect this pregnant announcement had upon his auditors, and how liberally they subscribed for the support of this fearless champion of Sambo, we are not informed.

There is no law to prevent fools and fanatics from running at large. If men like Dr. Cheever *will* go abroad for the purpose of slandering their country and her institutions, we must bear up under the affliction as patiently as possible. We shall probably survive even such a calamity. However galling it may be to our pride, and however trying to our patience, we must allow this reverend libeller, and others like him, to peddle their slanders to their heart's content. It is their vocation. They glory in the work of villifying their fellow-countrymen. They know it is the surest passport to the confidence of the great. Our land has been prolific of such slimy toadies. Shiploads of them have crossed the ocean within the recollection of a single lifetime. Men whose renown was limited to the boundaries of a country village, have suddenly found themselves famous on the shores of Europe. Men of wh

be blessed with this goodly heritage, or to live and die in comparative poverty and misery, we will stand up squarely, like honest men, to the compact we have made—if we have sworn to our own hurt, we will change not, so HELP US, GOD!

Integrity,—national, public, political integrity—is what we want. Is there virtue enough in the men of the North and the men of the South to maintain the spirit of the Constitution of the United States? That is the question now to be answered.

MOBOCRACY IN BOSTON.

AN ANTI-SLAVERY MEETING BROKEN UP.

RUFFIANS IN BROADCLOTH.

WENDELL PHILLIPS THREATENED.

Special Despatch to The New York Tribune.

BOSTON, Monday, Dec. 3—5 p.m.

THE Convention called to-day at the Tremont Temple, to commemorate the anniversary of John Brown's execution, by a discussion of the question, "How can American Slavery be Abolished?" was broken up in the morning by a diversified mob, composed chiefly of North End roughs and Beacon street aristocrats. A determination to prevent this proposed expression of anti-Southern feeling in Boston had been very noisily avowed by the merchants and bankers of this city; but, as various experiences had shown that riotous demonstrations here seldom go beyond words, no disturbance was anticipated. In the present case, however, the prospect of financial distress roused the commercial interest to an unusual excitement, and the resolution to save the Union by destroying the Tremont Temple Convention, was really carried out.

At the hour of opening, the majority of persons present was evidently opposed to the peaceful fulfilment of the object of the meeting. On the platform were Frod. Douglass, Messrs. Redpath, Sanborn, J. Sella Martin, the colored clergyman, and others of less distinction in the Garrisonian party. Mr. Garrison came later. On the floor were a few score of ladies, as many policemen, and a multitude of representatives of the enlightenment which hovers around the State House, and the muscular force of the North End.

The first attempt to organize was frustrated by the howlings and screamings of the confederated majority, who presently took the management of affairs into their own hands, and elected for Chairman, Richard S. Fay, Constitutional broker and ex-candidate for Congress. Mr. Fay was escorted to the platform by a number of his friends, and proceeded to make a speech, which finished with a set of resolutions exactly opposite to the sentiments of those who had called the Convention. The resolutions were adopted *viva voce*, amid a great deal of boisterous confusion. No person was allowed to speak except in their favor.

After their passage, however, Fred. Douglass replied to Mr. Fay, and, without touching much upon the subject of the day, showered ridicule so plentifully and so effectively among his opponents that the joint forces of Beacon street and the North End rose in wrath and drowned his voice.

Up to this time the disturbances had been confined to violent declamation on both sides, with occasional feeble attempts at pacification by the Chief of Police. But when it was found that Mr. Douglass could not be silenced, a party rushed upon the platform and endeavored to sweep it clear of the negroes.

The police here interfered for the first time against the majority, and a wild fight of two or three minutes ensued, from which a part of the flower of Beacon street emerged much battered and far less ornamented than usual. No person, however, was severely injured in the fray.

The tumult rather increased after the platform squabble was checked, and threatened to result very seriously. The miserable inefficiency of the Chief of Police, who at one moment declared his intention of clearing the hall, and the next fell back bewildered upon his subordinates for counsel—who, by turns, avowed a purpose to sustain the Douglass part of the company, and promised to stand by the Beacon street and North End brotherhood, added greatly to the confusion.

As a temporary expedient, every negro was removed from the platform, and immediately after, every one was suffered to return. The Chief of Police announced an incubation of purpose, and for a quarter of an hour there was tolerable quiet, but the promised purpose was not hatched, and the clamor revived. On one side cheers for Gov. Wise and the Fugitive Slave bill were launched. On the other, cheers for Freedom and liberty of speech. Mr. Douglass again essayed to speak, but the combined voice of Beacon street overpowered his voice.

At about noon, Mr. Fay rejoined the audience, Mr. James M. Howe, a State street banker, was elected chairman in a corner, and was straightway led to the platform. Mr. Sanborn, who claimed the chair on the other side, received him certainly with courtesy, and was forthwith insulted in reply. During a brief debate between the two, a person attempted to take Mr. Sanborn's chair and place it behind Mr. Howe, upon which Mr. Douglass stepped up to interpose. Then Beacon street, led by Thomas H. Perkins, dashed in boldly, and a second fight ensued. Weapons were drawn, and, probably, handled with caution, for they did not go off. Nevertheless, the affray was serious enough. Men were thrown bodily from the platform down among the audience.

The women were greatly frightened, and helped the turbulence by loud cries. Mr. Douglass fought like a trained pugilist; and, although a score opposed him, he cleared his way through the crowd to the rostrum, which he clutched with an air that indicated his determination to hold to his place. His friends, however, were less combative, and so he was left, unaided, in the hands of a strong number of police, who dragged him away and threw him down the staircase to the floor of the hall. Mr. Sanborn was dragged out by the neck.

Finally the platform was cleared of all those who had joined in the call for the Convention and engaged the Hall, and left in possession of the opposition. Having gained their object, the majority remained tranquil for half an hour, without proposing any movement whatever.

At one time Mr. Douglass reappeared on the platform, seeking for his portfolio, and then the clamor set in again. But this soon subsided, and at half-past one o'clock, when everything was quiet, and no trouble likely to arise, the Chief of Police came to a prompt and energetic decision that the Hall should be cleared, and this was done.

It was announced by the Douglass party that no other meeting would be held in the Tremont Temple, but that, in the evening, the friends of John Brown would reassemble in J. Sella Martin's church.

The multitude then dispersed, and the high-minded majority betook itself to mobbing the negroes as they came forth. This sport was, on Tremont street, continued for a long time. At last it was given over to make arrangements for the breaking up of the evening meeting. Placards were prepared, calling upon Union-lovers to assemble and look to its suppression, in view of the impending troubles. The Cadets and the Second Battalion of Infantry are now under arms at their armories, by order of the Mayor.

Ten o'clock, p.m.—An hour before the time fixed for the evening meeting, Mr. Martin's church was filled. The police, this time under the abler direction of the Deputy Chief, prevented it from being overcrowded, and the throngs of opponents who came later were accordingly unable to enter.

At 8 o'clock the church was surrounded by a vast mob, which extended through several adjoining streets. Some outside speeches were made, but the Deputy Chief, in order to prevent the meeting from being disturbed, had the court, in which the church is situated, entirely cleared, an operation of considerable difficulty.

There was very little tumult within the building—the disturbers being in the minority and less confident of their strength than in the morning. Only one man attempted interruptions, and he was laughed down and left unmolested. The speakers were John Brown, Jr., Wendell Phillips, F. Sanborn, Fred. Douglass, H. Ford Douglass and others.

A set of resolutions was passed, fixing the blame of the morning interruption upon Mayor Lincoln, who, it was shown, had failed to exercise the right he might have employed to preserve order.

At 9 o'clock Mr. Phillips excused himself, saying that the sickness of his wife called him home. He retired, accompanied by about a dozen of his friends, and was conveyed away by a narrow private passage—so narrow that the party was obliged to creep in single file to Belknap street, where the mob was less dense than in the nearer vicinity of the church. But even here he was recognized, and a rush was at once made for him. He had two ladies beside him, and around the three his friends gathered closely, forming a circle with locked hands. There were loud cries of "Stone him!" "Hit him with a brick!" "Hang him!" "Kill Phillips, but save the ladies!" and the like. Mr. Phillips appeared wholly unmoved, and went on his way laughing; but the ladies with him were greatly distressed. His companions marched very determinedly, and gave such manifestations of their temper as induced the mob, some hundreds in number, to confine themselves to verbal insult. The procession crossed the Common leisurely, the mob still hooting Phillips and invoking vengeance upon him without ever attempting to wreak it. As Essex street was approached the number diminished, and it was evident there would be no real trouble, although Mr. Phillips's peril had just before seemed imminent. The mob, as he entered his house, sent volleys of groans and hisses after him, which were responded to by cheers of exultation from his friends. Mr. Phillips stood for some seconds upon his steps uncovered and in full view, a prominent mark for any messenger of mischief; but the humor of the crowd evaporated in expletives and no violence was offered.

Eleven o'clock, p.m.—After the adjournment of the meeting, the street mob took to hunting negroes as they came forth. Some were knocked down and trampled upon, and a few were seriously injured. Occasionally a beaten negro would take refuge in his house, upon which the windows thereof would be straightway smashed. One colored man, disliking the rattling of the glass about his ears, sallied forth with a hatchet, and chopped somebody in the leg, for which he was duly arrested—a distinction of which he was the solitary example. Pistols were here and there discharged; but it did not appear that anybody was injured thereby. A great many buildings, and one chapel, belonging to colored people, were attacked after a fashion, and their windows broken. Beyond this the ire of the mob did not reach. At this hour all seems again quiet.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1860.

CORRESPONDENTS will greatly oblige us by a careful observance of the following directions, viz.:

Letters enclosing matter for publication, or relating in any way to the editorial conduct of the paper, should be addressed, "EDITOR OF THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, No. 5 BEEKMAN STREET, NEW YORK."

Letters enclosing subscriptions, or relating in any way to the business of the office, should be addressed, "PUBLISHER OF THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, No. 5 BEEKMAN STREET, NEW YORK."

PENNSYLVANIA ANTI-SLAVERY FAIR AND NATIONAL BAZAAR.

THIS Bazaar will be opened in the Saloons of the Assembly Buildings, S.-W. corner of Tenth and Chestnut streets, Philadelphia, on Tuesday evening, the 11th inst., and will be continued during the following three days.

The usual variety of useful and fancy articles will be offered for sale at market prices. The character of these Fairs is too well known to the Pennsylvania readers of THE STANDARD, to need description. It is sufficient to announce to them the opening of the Fair, and to remind them that this department of our enterprise has lost none of its importance, either in its pecuniary or moral influences. On the tables of our Fair will be found many articles which, at this season of the year, are always in requisition. By purchasing them there, rather than elsewhere, the friends of our cause may substantially aid it, without any extra outlay of money. The social attractions of the occasion usually prove sufficient to crowd our saloon.

Admission fee, thirteen cents. Season Tickets, fifty cents. Children, half price.

DISSOLUTION OF THE UNION.

WHATEVER benefits may be considered to accrue to the people of the South from a dissolution of the Union, it is certain that they will lose thereby one privilege which they largely exercise, and seem highly to value, namely, the perpetration of robbery, outrage and murder, with absolute impunity, upon citizens of the Northern States.

For some years past, but more particularly within the year now ending, we have been accustomed to see it recorded in the papers, without comment, and simply as an item of ordinary news, that a Northern man, passing through some Southern State for business, pleasure or health, has been forcibly obstructed in his journey, brought before a Court on the charge of being a Republican or an Abolitionist, and committed to prison for want of bail, in a place where no one knows him; that another has been subjected to the same violence by private individuals, extemporizing a Lynch court; that another has had his trunk, desk and pocket-book rifled; that another has been ignominiously flogged; another tarred and feathered; another required to leave his pursuit of health or business, and depart from the town, the county or the State; another hanged, without trial or crime; another burned alive; and that these acts are done by respectable Southern gentlemen. These things are happening so constantly of late as to be printed and read as matters of trifling moment.

Is it to be supposed that when these Southern States cease to be "sister States"(!), and stand merely on the footing of foreign nations, like France, Spain or England, this state of things can be allowed to continue? The perpetration upon one Northern citizen, by the officials of either of these nations, of one-half the amount of outrage that has been openly committed in a hundred cases, and boasted of afterwards, by our Southern "brethren," would be deemed to require immediate intervention by the government, and ultimately, in failure of ample explanation and redress, a vindication of our rights by war. The press, and the people at large, would vie with the relatives and friends of the injured party in the declaration that full satisfaction must be exacted for so gross an outrage; and all would agree that to let such a case pass in silence, without the formal demand for reparation, would be a practical sacrifice of our liberties. When we have a free Northern Republic, such cases as those of Mr. Brewster, Mr. Wood, Mr. Blodgett, Mr. Willette, Mr. Straight, Mr. Eddy, Mr. Devinney, Mr. Pasco, Mr. Wentworth, Mr. Palmer and Mr. Thayer (all recorded in THE STANDARD of Nov. 24), will no longer pass by and be forgotten as trifles; will no longer be considered *merely* as items of ordinary news.

At present, in letting such cases pass, as we do, without energetic action, remonstrance and vindication, in one way or another, of the rights of our citizens, we *are* making a practical sacrifice of liberty. Probably many citizens of every free State (so called) have had these outrages practised upon them; yet not one such State has even attempted such measures of vindication of the rights, both of itself and of the individual to whom it owes protection, as would immediately have been resorted to had the injury proceeded from a foreign power. Either from shameful fear of the oligarchy that rules this country, or from a courtesy to it as shameful, we are leaving the most important function of a State, protection to the persons of its citizens, entirely undischarged.

This neglect, of itself, is an efficient source of demoralization to the people of the North. We see the effect of systematic and unlimited submission to tyranny on the part of the slaves. It makes them servile in spirit. It blinds them to the truth, no less obvious than momentous, that the inevitable expenditure of their lives would be far better made in resistance to tyranny than in submission to it. It induces them to submit to die by inches under the inflictions of avarice or cruelty, when they might at least gain a death sudden and glorious by refusing such submission, and resolutely claiming the liberty for which God made them. Nay, worse! It depraves them to the extent of consenting to be the instruments of such tyranny over their unfortunate fellow-victims. It makes the slave wield the lash over his fellow-slaves, driving them, without compensation, to an excess of life-exhausting toil which even ample compensation would not justify; it makes him scourge the bare back of his own wife, of his own mother, of his sister by blood or his "sister" in the Church, when he knows that the offence for which they thus suffer is the noblest exercise of true virtue; it makes him erect the stake and pile up the faggots which are to torture to death a brother in bonds who has set him the noble example of refusing any longer to be a slave. It crushes the manhood out of him. Not only is that true which the old Roman said of the pernicious influence of the first act of submission to bondage—

> "Jove fixed it certain that whatever day
> Makes man a slave takes half his worth away"

—but the continuance of such submission steadily diminishes his worth, until the nobler qualities seem to be extinguished, and the image of God seems as nearly obliterated in him as in his master.

Equally depraving is the submission of Northern white men, who call themselves free, to the enormous stretches of usurpation by which, of late years, the Slave Power has been taking possession of their rights. *Every* right of theirs, however essential, however unquestionable, is ignored, swallowed up, annihilated, as soon as it is judged by slaveholders inconsistent with the supremacy of "the peculiar institution." Their rights as citizens of the United States, their rights as citizens of New York or Ohio, their rights as individual men, are all treated with perfect contempt, and ridden over rough-shod, whenever the fancied interests of slavery require it. And while, as we have said, the citizens of every State called free have experienced this tyranny, neither the Executive, nor the Legislature, nor the "sovereign people" of one of these States has made the attempt to obtain either satisfaction for the past, or a guaranty of better things in the future.

The periodical press, secular and "religious," has has done worse than submit without protest to these aggressions. It has extenuated the crimes in question, censured the exercise of those Northern rights which are distasteful to Southern despots, apologized for a tyranny in Virginia worse than that which it was condemning in Italy, stretched the popular plea of the right of self-preservation to an admission of the right of robbers to fortify and perpetuate robbery, and proposed further concessions to the wrong, instead of urging its public to the defence of the right. Except a few anti-slavery papers, the whole American press recommends either submission to the Slave Power or compromise with it.

Our readers know the position of the New York press in relation to this matter. Let us look at two specimens of the testimony of Boston papers on this subject.

The Boston *Courier*, a paper whose South-side proclivities resemble those of our own *Journal of Commerce*, boasts of the courtesy and generosity with which Mr. Wood was treated in South Carolina, a few weeks ago. Mr. Wood, a graduate of Harvard College, and a teacher by profession, going to South Carolina to fulfil an engagement, was *merely* prevented by force from fulfilling his engagement, and pursuing the employment by which he gets his living; *merely* expelled illegally from the State without any pretence of crime on his part, and forbidden to return; *merely* placed under the charge of an officer for his return, and obliged to sleep in a guard-house, both measures being by way of protection against the courtesy and generosity of other Southrons, who wished to tar and feather, or to lynch him; *merely* treated with insulting *language* on his way back from the sunny South, the presence of the officer defending him against kicks and blows; and lastly, a point on which *The Courier* dwells with much satisfaction, *merely* obliged to suffer these things, and not asked to pay for suffering them; the chivalrous Carolinians, who drove him out of the place where he had a right to be, and to remain, having offered to pay the expense of his return!

This is the pro-slavery side of Northern journalism. Now let us look at the Republican side.

The Boston *Journal*—speaking of the case of another Northern traveller who was expelled from a Southern town with insult and outrage, on bare suspicion, entirely without proof, of having "tampered with slaves"—takes the liberty to complain, in gentle and respectful terms, that its Southern brethren took so energetic a course of action on bare suspicion; expressly conceding, however, that if the tampering with slaves were *proved*, such retaliatory treatment would be justifiable and proper; and volunteering the opinion that a Northern man at the South is bound to fall in with the custom of the country and to avoid treating any black man whom he meets otherwise than as a *nigger*.

What is "tampering with slaves"? The thing which is so designated by the slaveholder is simply treating the enslaved man as a man. It is simply speaking to him civilly instead of brutally when you speak, and answering him civilly instead of brutally when he speaks to you. It is simply paying him when he has done you a service, instead of assuming that he is bound to work for you without wages; or thanking him when he has shown you a courtesy, instead of assuming that your human nature has nothing in common with his. It is simply listening, with common humanity, to the tale of distress he has to tell, or offering, with common humanity, the relief which you see he needs. It is simply acting out the sympathy which every benevolent person naturally feels in the presence of distress and suffering, but which the slaveholder impudently requires him to suppress. It is simply showing, by look, or word, or deed, that you sympathize with the robbed man rather than with the robber. Yet this is the thing which the South punishes with brutal violence or murder; and which the Northern press, including the Republican press, stigmatizes as unjustifiable.

The constant repetition of the narration of these Southern outrages upon Northern men as matters of ordinary news, without reference to the necessity, and the duty, of reparation for the past or of remedy in the future—and yet more, the periodical influence of a corrupt press, excusing these outrages, and justifying the villanous system that occasions them—are enormously depraving the conscience of the North, hardening our hearts and blinding our minds. Through long custom, all the departments of our civil, ecclesiastical and social life have become reconciled to the enormous error and evil of speaking of slavery and slaveholding as right, or else as indifferent; as a thing to be defended, or as a thing to be let alone. And now this error and evil is enlarging itself to the extent of practically ranking these outrages upon our own white fellow-citizens as either right or indifferent. If this state of things be not remedied, we are as certainly speeding towards ruin as a ship which has entered the outer circles of the Maelstrom. The deterioration already suffered from these sources in our manners and morals, our civil, social and religious life, far outweighs all the benefits derived from our boasted Union. It has advanced so far, even now, as to have prepared vast numbers of Northern men, even those who boast themselves Republicans, to compromise away still further instalments of their rights and liberties, when the South demands it. The South is even now on the point of demanding this. She threatens secession. *Threatens* it! as if her secession would be an injury to the North, instead of an unspeakable benefit! *Threatens* to initiate the very movement which honor and self-respect have long been vainly calling upon the North to commence, and which would be an advantageous transaction for the North even if she should relinquish, in consideration of it, the Capitol and Treasury of the United States. Yet, so deeply have we been infected by the false doctrine and evil example of the South, that it is only too probable that our Northern States will yield to her next demands, and make another postponement of honor, advantage and duty, by consenting to compromise if she will *not* secede.

It was, long ago, our part to withdraw from the Union which we have unjustifiably continued to maintain with slaveholders. If *they* now secede, let us thank the Lord for a favor of which we have shown ourselves unworthy, and try to bring forth fruits meet for repentance! But let us on no account yield one inch of the liberties that we have thus far gained!

THE MEMORY OF JOHN BROWN IN ALBANY.

ALBANY, Dec. 4, 1860.

QUITE a large meeting was held in this city last evening to commemorate the martyrdom of John Brown. The meeting would have been larger if the place had been more central and the room more capacious. Many went away, unable to get in. An eloquent address was made by Mr. Dubois, followed with appropriate remarks by several others.

A large portion of the audience were respectable colored people. It was a good beginning—the nucleus of a great movement. Every year will see it increasing. Some threats were made during the day to break up the meeting. But no such attempt was made. All was peaceful and successful.

B.

THE BOSTON MOB.—Some of the self-styled conservatives of Boston, with the help of their natural allies, the "roughs" of the North End, broke up the John Brown meeting, which, under the call of James Redpath and others, assembled in that city on Monday last. The conduct of the Mayor was most disgraceful. It was his duty to protect the meeting and put down the rioters. We do not, however, record this disturbance as a revival, to any alarming extent, of the mob spirit of 1835. The men who would like to put down the Anti-Slavery Movement by such means are in the minority, and therefore powerless.

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

THE Message of the President to Congress was delivered on Tuesday. As it is sure to reach every one of our readers through other channels, we shall not inflict it upon them in these columns, to the exclusion of more readable if not more important matter. More than three of its seven columns are devoted to slavery, illustrating thus, in the usual manner, the President's anxiety to put down all agitation of that exciting topic! The sentiments he utters and the plans he proposes are alike worthy of a thorough partizan and tool of the Slave Power. We have space only for the briefest synopsis of his views.

He lays the blame of the quarrel between the two sections of the country entirely upon the people of the North—to their "long-continued and intemperate interference with the question of slavery in the Southern States." The alarm and excitement of the South he ascribes not so much to the efforts to exclude slavery from the Territories and to defeat the execution of the Fugitive Slave law, as to "the fact" (we quote his words), "that the incessant and violent agitation of the slavery question throughout the North for the last quarter of a century, has at length produced its malign influence on the slaves, and inspired them with vague notions of freedom. Hence a sense of security no longer exists around the family altar. This feeling of peace at home has given place to apprehensions of servile insurrection. Many a matron throughout the South retires at night in dread of what may befall herself and her children before the morning." The President revives the oft-repeated slander upon the Abolitionists that in 1835 they circulated at the South "pictorial handbills and inflammatory appeals of a character to excite the passions of the slaves; and, in the language of Gen. Jackson, 'to stimulate them to insurrection, and produce all the horrors of a servile war.'" "This agitation," he informs us, "has ever since been continued by the public press, by the proceedings of State and County Conventions, and by abolition sermons and lectures. The time of Congress has been occupied in violent speeches on this never-ending subject, and appeals in pamphlet and other forms, indorsed by distinguished names, have been sent forth from this central point, and spread broadcast over the Union."

"How easy," exclaims Mr. Buchanan, "would it be for the American people to settle the anti-slavery question forever, and to restore peace and harmony to this distracted country." How? "All that is necessary to accomplish the object, and all for which the slave States have ever contended, is to be let alone, and permitted to manage their domestic institutions in their own way." "The people of the North," says the President, "are not more responsible for Southern slavery, and have no more right to interfere, than with similar institutions in Russia or in Brazil." He proposes "an explanatory amendment of the Constitution," giving the South all she asks, as follows:

"The explanatory amendment might be confined to the final settlement of the true construction of the Constitution on three special points:

"1. An express recognition of the right of property in slaves in the States where it now exists or may hereafter exist.

"2. The duty of protecting this right in all the common Territories throughout their territorial existence, and until they shall be admitted as States into the Union, with or without slavery, as their Constitutions may prescribe.

"3. A like recognition of the right of the master to have his slave, who has escaped from one State to another, restored and 'delivered up' to him, and of the validity of the Fugitive Slave law enacted for this purpose, together with a declaration that all State laws impairing or defeating this right are violations of the Constitution, and are consequently null and void."

He also proposes the purchase of Cuba and the payment of the illegal and infamous Amistad claim. And to all this the people of the North can assent, according to Mr. Buchanan's logic, without involving themselves in any responsibility for slavery!

THE SPIRIT OF THE NORTH.

THE question of deepest moment now is, Will the Republican party stand to its ground, such as it is, or will it yield to the clamors of the South and their Northern tools, and seek to pacify the slaveholders by new compromises? The Albany *Evening Journal*, which has been supposed to reflect the views of Mr. Seward, came out, a few days since, to the great astonishment of most of its Republican cotemporaries, in favor of restoring and extending the Missouri Compromise line, of repealing the Personal Liberty laws, of removing some of the most odious features of the Fugitive Slave law with a view to make it easier of execution at the North, and of making Counties responsible for fugitives rescued within their limits from United States officers. These propositions were enforced with such arguments as usually come from the mouths and pens of Doughfaces. Next came announcements from Washington that Mr. Seward was about to stultify himself and attempt to betray the North by offering Mr. Weed's propositions as the basis of a new compromise. These rumors are now contradicted in such terms as the following:

"Mr. Seward will make no speech immediately, and will submit no proposition. All rumors to the contrary are entirely unfounded. He is in no manner or form responsible for the various suggestions recently put forward in different newspapers, which have been supposed to reflect his views, and was not consulted concerning, or in any way privy to, their publication. His policy is to watch the development of events, and to direct them wisely at the proper time for peace and the preservation of the Union."

This is from a despatch to *The Tribune*. We are happy to say that Mr. Weed's propositions, while earning for him the praise of such journals as *The Express*, were promptly repudiated by leading Republican papers in all parts of the country. We are glad also to find these paragraphs in the Albany correspondence of *The Times*:

"The Republican State Committee met this evening (Dec. 4) at the Delavan House. After some routine business, ex-Senator Dart offered a series of resolutions, reaffirming the position of the Republican party, congratulating the country upon the success of the Chicago nominees, and declaring strongly against any retrograde movement. There was considerable discussion over these resolves. The Committee were a unit on the views embodied, but there was some question as to the policy of making a declaration at this time. It was finally decided to adopt the resolves, and they were referred to a committee to be put in shape. The committee then adjourned until 9 o'clock to-morrow morning, when it will meet for the purpose of formally adopting the proposed resolution.

"There has been a protracted discussion among those assembled here of the concessions proposed by the Albany *Evening Journal*. Without a single exception, the policy of *The Journal* is condemned or dissented from. Among those with whom I have talked who disagree with Mr. Weed are the State officers, Hon. Chas. Cooke, Geo. W. Patterson, Gov. King, Senators Lapham and Ramsay, ex-Senator Dimmick, and James Wadsworth. Every member of the Electoral College, Judge Hogeboom, ex-Senator H. B. Stanton, Mr. Clapp of the Buffalo *Express*, Allen of the Rochester *Democrat*, Peck of the Auburn *Advertiser*, Hon. Thomas Clowes, Hallis White, V. W. Smith, George Opdyke, Simeon Draper, ex-Senator Carroll, Senator Freeman, and Black of the Watertown *Journal*. Mr. Weed told a friend to-day that he had not received the approval of any one prominent member of the Republican party, and this evening's *Journal* almost entirely recedes from its first proposition."

The proposal to repeal the State Personal Liberty laws finds favor, so far as we have observed, only among those who were always opposed to them. *The Tribune* gives it no countenance. The Legislature of Vermont has refused, by more than two to one, to repeal the law of that State. The Milwaukee (Wisconsin) *Free Democrat* says:

"If it depended on us, not one finger would we lift by way of concession. We have done no wrong, we have nothing to concede. Let the South bellow and bluster till she gets tired, and then stay in the Union or go out, just as she pleases."

The Boston *Atlas* defends the Personal Liberty law of Massachusetts as perfectly constitutional, and says, "it will not be repealed without better cause shown than has yet appeared." The Concord (N. H.) *Independent Democrat* says:

"This is no time for cowardly concessions by the loyal and patriotic freemen of the North to those who, for slavery's sake, are threatening treasonable rebellion against the Constitution and the Union. Repeal the Personal Liberty laws passed by the free States to protect the rights and liberties of their own citizens against the unconstitutional and inhuman provisions of an infamous Fugitive Slave law, which was forced upon the country by the Slave Oligarchy, aided by timid compromisers of the North? Never, no, never, so long as such a disgraceful Fugitive act as the present defiles our national statute books."

The New York *Evening Post* gives this counsel:

"How, under these circumstances, should the Republicans act? How ought men of sense and spirit to deport themselves? There can be but one answer. They should deport themselves precisely as if no panic existed, and no threats had been made. Whoever is turned by panic or threat to the right hand or to the left is a coward. 'Yield nothing to menace,' is the dictate not more of courage than of policy. If we yield in this hour of pressure, we are enslaved forever. We could never recover from the dishonorable imputation of having granted to threats what we refused to argument. A great party must respect itself, if it would preserve the respect of the country and the world.

"Our counsel to Republicans is, therefore—

"First—To entertain no project of compromise so long as we are menaced; second, when the menace has ceased and concessions are talked about, to insist that the Fugitive Slave act shall be so amended as to provide a permanent and impartial judge, a jury of the vicinage, and the testimony of witnesses without discrimination between the pursuer and the fugitive; thirdly, that Northern citizens entering the South shall be as much the object of Federal solicitude as Southern slaves entering the North; and fourthly, that the Supreme Court shall be reorganized, so as to give a judge to an equal number of persons, whether those persons be freemen or slaves, the owners of farms, or the owners of plantations. Let us have no more compromises of the jug-handle sort, all on one side."

We might quote sentiments equally decided from many other Northern journals, but space fails us.

The portion of the President's Message relating to the matters at issue between the North and the South has been referred in the House of Representatives to a Committee of one from each State. That Committee is expected to devise, if possible, some plan of settlement. We hope for the best, but have our fears that this Committee will hatch a project of Compromise involving the North in fresh degradation and guilt.

THE MADNESS OF THE SOUTH.

THE South is boiling like a pot! The whole of our space would not suffice to record a tenth part of the speeches, letters, legislative acts and resolves, executive messages, proceedings of public meetings, etc., that reach us through the Southern Press—all breathing indignation toward the majority of the people of the North, accusing them of a design to interfere with slavery in the States, to excite the slaves to insurrection, etc., and insolently demanding the repeal of the Personal Liberty laws, and the enactment of new guaranties for the protection of slavery in the Territories, as the only condition on which the South will consent to remain in the Union! Never, we venture to say, was there a more striking exhibition of brazen impudence and sublime effrontery than is presented by the Slave Power at this moment. The most sacred provisions of the Constitution—those, namely, which guarantee the right of every Northern man to visit the Southern States, and to speak or print his sentiments on slavery—are systematically violated; Northern citizens, on the bare suspicion that they are opposed to slavery, are hunted like wild beasts from place to place, often scourged, or tarred and feathered, and compelled to choose between death and banishment. And at the very moment when the papers are filled with reports of these outrages, the slaveholders, with Satanic insolence, denounce the people of the free States as false to their constitutional obligations, in the enactment of laws to prevent their own fellow-citizens from being seized and carried off into slavery! Every one of the Personal Liberty laws has been pronounced constitutional by men eminent in the legal profession, while no one can even pretend to doubt that the outrages every day inflicted upon Northern citizens travelling or temporarily residing at the South are glaring violations of the Constitution! If the people of the free States were as true to liberty as those of the South are to slavery—may, if commercial selfishness had not undermined their self-respect, and their consciences had not been drugged by a corrupt and timeserving pulpit and an unprincipled press, instead of seeking to prevent the South from going out of the Union, they would themselves refuse to remain in it for a single day.

We had made a collection of the more salient facts and incidents illustrative of the present temper of the slaveholding States, but the demands upon our columns at the last moment compel us to set them aside. We point the reader, however, to the first page for abundant illustrations of the spirit of slavery at the North as well as at the South. Especially do we ask attention to the extract from a Thanksgiving Sermon by the editor of *The New York Observer*, in which obedience to the Fugitive Slave law is declared to be required on grounds of honesty and morality! The author, if he had lived in Christ's day, would have defended Judas for betraying him on the ground that he had made a covenant to do so! Need we wonder at the reigning corruption, when Atheism thus exalts itself in the pulpit and the "religious" press?

ROBERT PURVIS IN REPLY TO BAYARD TAYLOR.

BYBERRY, Pa., Dec. 4th, 1860.

To the Editor of The National Anti Slavery Standard.

DEAR SIR: Mr. Bayard Taylor is a practised writer and a public favorite; I am neither—therefore he has greatly the advantage of me. He seems to be quite aware of this, as he says, with marked self-complacency, "A very few words will suffice." He then proceeds to say that I have made upon him "attacks of an unusually vulgar and personal character."

These "few words" uttered by *him* against *me*, though unsustained by a syllable of proof, will amply "suffice" for a great many who will read his letter. In the very act of calling me to account for alleged assertions against him without proof, he makes an assertion against me without proof!

My offence at Kennett Square consisted, as I understand it, in quoting a remark concerning Mr. Taylor—ascribed to Baron Humboldt—that "he had travelled more and seen less than any other man." Mr. Taylor denies that Humboldt ever made the remark, and, until proof is produced, his denial is of course to be received. If I had the speech to make over again, I should say that he had travelled further and seen *more* than any other man. He has been to Africa and travelled through Egypt, and brings back testimony at variance with that of Herodotus, the "father of History," and opinions which set at naught those of Blumenbach, Laurence, Teideman, Stanhope Smith, the lamented Pritchard, and *our* distinguished scholars and travellers, Alexander and Edward Everett. How much confidence is to be put in Mr. Taylor's conclusions on the difficult subject of "races," we may judge from the logic of his reasoning after he has formed his conclusions. He says: "Whatever my views with regard to the negro race may be, they have nothing to do with the question of human rights." This is as if some men were to get up at a Woman's Rights Convention and say, "I believe, after much travel and research, that woman is the natural inferior of man, but this has nothing to do with the question before the Convention!" I fancy, Mr. Editor, that I see Mrs. Mott, or Miss Grew, or Miss Susan B. Anthony rise in reply to the man having either the innocence or the impudence to utter such a proposition.

Mr. Editor, I hold that Mr. Taylor is to be measured by a different standard from others who have been differently brought up. He was born and bred in the lap of an anti-slavery community. His paper at Phenixville was regarded with favor because he was considered an anti-slavery man. When he came to be one of the editors of *The Tribune* and a popular writer, it was naturally supposed that the cause of the black man would derive some benefit from his opportunities. But neither in his letters from abroad nor in his lectures at home has he made the first sign in their favor. It seems that "in the last eight days" he has made the "negro race" a subject of reference in his public lectures. Whether this has been to "admit" them "natural inferiors," or to speak a bold word for their rights, we shall know in due time.

This country has its iron heel on the necks of 4,000,000 of blacks, its justification being, *before the people*, that they were an "inferior race." Mr. Taylor goes to Africa, looks at the Sphynx, climbs a pyramid or two and writes back, just in the heat of the controversy, "Yes, they are an inferior race," and comes home and says, "What has that to do with the question of human rights?"

Sir, I ascribe no "motives," much less is it true that I "*invent* motives." I simply state facts. I do not base what I say upon anything I have heard in "private conversation." But I submit, sir, that if Mr. Taylor's private walk and conversation throws any light on his public doings and not-doings, I am not bound to shut my eyes on that light. If he refuses to speak for the black man; or if when he speaks on the subject it is to take away a popular historical argument from the support of the black man's cause; if in his writings he talks about "*darkies*"; if he stands entirely aloof from the anti-slavery cause, and seems by his influence to draw others after him, who once were its friends, I am not bound to shut my eyes upon any light which may come to me from a private source, furnishing an explanation of these extraordinary facts.

Mr. Taylor concludes his letter thus: "I appeal from the morbid sensitiveness of the one-eighth of him to the sober common sense of the seven-eighths of him." That is, he appeals from the *black part* of my nature to the *white part* of my nature! Now, Mr. Editor, while I admit that it would be "morbid sensitiveness" in me to resent this as an insult—for I am sure none was intended—I must insist that in this sentence sticks out the very thing I have been objecting to. I have often heard that it takes a woman to understand a woman's wrongs; so I say it takes a man of African blood to understand the contempt which is cherished by a certain class against people of African blood. If Mr. Taylor had "one-eighth" of African blood in him, he would not have so easily been satisfied when he was in Egypt that the negro was an inferior race; and even if he had been, it would not have been the only thing he would have had to say when called to speak on that subject.

Mr. Editor, I have no ill-will toward Mr. Taylor, but I have been disappointed and aggrieved, even to irritation, at his public course. I regret the irritation, but further than this I have nothing to take back.

Very respectfully, ROBERT PURVIS.

DR. BARON STOW AND THE LONDON BOARD OF BAPTIST MINISTERS.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

SIR: The English Baptist newspaper, entitled *The Freeman*, in its issue of July 20th, 1859, contained the following paragraph:

"THE REV. BARON STOW, D.D.—We are glad to announce the arrival in this country, on a visit of a few months, of the Rev. Dr. Stow, pastor of the Rowe street Baptist Church, Boston, United States. Dr. Stow is already known in this country in various official capacities, and as the author of some valuable works, which we hope soon to introduce to our readers. Dr. Stow met the Committee of the Baptist Missionary Society last week, and was by them cordially received. It may not be improper to mention, that the Committee, before seeing Dr. Stow, felt it their duty to make inquiry into certain charges of complicity with slavery which had been made against him, and industriously circulated, and that they came to the conclusion that those charges were entirely without foundation. We have no doubt that Dr. Stow will be received, whatever part of the country he may visit, with that kindness and hospitality which his eminence and excellence deserve."

As I was the person who had "industriously circulated" amongst my ministerial brethren an *exposé* of Dr. Stow's complicity, given in a letter by which our wakeful and esteemed friend, C. K. Whipple, of Boston, had anticipated the arrival in England of his clerical fellow-citizen, I felt bound to investigate the matter. I was actuated by no personal feeling against Dr. Stow, for hitherto he had been known to me by favorable report only, and his character, apart from his trimming on the slavery question, I still believe to be unblemished. But the reputation of the Abolitionists, both in this country and yours, was at stake, and the cause of the enslaved was involved. Either Dr. Stow had misled the Missionary Committee in London, or Mr. Whipple and others had slandered him. My resolution was taken, then, not for the sake of detecting the error of a brother—an ungracious task, for which I have no predilection—but for the vindication of character. I expected, however, from my knowledge of facts in similar cases, and from what I had gathered in this case, that my undertaking would resolve into the exposing of *a public wrong*, too prevalent among the so-called clergy of the United States. This wrong is of three parts: first, the ignoring of slavery, by maintaining a guilty silence in relation to it; secondly, the countenancing of its abettors, by associating with them in church-fellowship and benevolent organizations; and thirdly, the discouraging of Abolitionists by sneers, insinuations

chair, I was cheered by the commendations and congratulations of esteemed brethren.

I think Dr. Stow will find that he has mistaken his way in slighting the London Board. Although some of its members may disrelish an investigation of this kind, and would prefer to deal with slavery on a broader scale, yet none of them like to be treated with discourtesy. The Board is composed of none but ministers of good standing, for of this their membership is held to be a certificate; and it includes, with scarcely an exception, all the men of mark in and around the metropolis. Its members all claim an equality in office and right with Dr. Stow, however much less popular than he many of them may be. Popularity may be purchased by carnal policy, and then it is without "the honor that cometh from God only." Better be poorer in pocket and purer in practice. The right of the Board to challenge the Doctor may not be questioned, since he was presented to their notice by *The Freeman* as entitled to their "kindness and hospitality." We have Divine authority to "judge them who are within" the Church on all questions of morals and public rights, and are commanded "not to keep company, if any man that is called a brother" belie his profession, "with such a one, no, not to eat." "Extortioners" and "covetous" persons are enumerated in the list of the proscribed pretenders to Christianity. Surely American slavery, a system that kidnaps, buys, sells, imbrutes, and dooms to unpaid drudgery, to heathen ignorance, to shameless prostitution, and to cruel torture, millions of men, women and children, "for the sake of advantage," is one of "extortion" and "covetousness." He that winks at such a system is held by Scripture to be a "partaker of the evil deeds" of those who carry on its operations. The American minister that can be dumb in relation to so vile an enactment as the Fugitive Slave bill, especially when its fiendish invasions of right are being perpetrated around him, is unworthy of his office. Silence in such a case is undoubtedly a crime for which his brethren in any part of the earth may call him to account. Natural rights are world-wide. Christian duty is confined within no geographical boundary. Dr. Stow, however, admits that he has never preached nor published against slavery. He offers no public prayer for those who are in bonds. He moves not a finger to undo the heavy burden, or to break the galling yoke. When the United States are agitated like a sea in a storm, as in 1850, during the discussion of the accursed Fugitive Slave bill, he speaks no word, he makes no sign in behalf of quivering, panting, wailing humanity. When the city wherein he dwells is swayed and heaved from centre to circumference on account of the heartless enforcement of that bill by civil and military force, as in the case of William and Ellen Craft, now my honored and happy fellow-citizens and my personal friends, and as in the case of poor Anthony Burns, he is silent still. He lives to himself. He can act for the Southern Aid Society, and for the New York Tract Society, each of which, like himself, refuses to plead for the dumb and oppressed. He can fraternize in public and private with Doctors Blagden and Nehemiah Adams, unblushing apologists for slaveholding and kidnapping. He can put into his pulpit the boasting man-stealer, Dr. Richard Fuller, of Baltimore, who, according to report, now holds, or lately held, one hundred human beings in bondage, keeping back by legalized fraud the wages of their labor for the pampering of his own pride. This man, of character so awfully disfigured, he hails as a "dearly beloved brother." In all this he "seeks his own and not the things that are Jesus Christ's." It *pays* him, no doubt, to pursue this course. But Dr. Cheever he assists not in denouncing slavery as a sin, and in pleading for those who are "robbed and spoiled." Upon the American Anti-Slavery Society he frowns. With the American and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society he would have no connection. With *no* anti-slavery body or movement is he associated, and with none has he taken part, so far as I can trace, since 1835. From the American Baptist Free Mission Society he stands aloof, as he does from every other religious society which, like that, pronounces slavery a sin, refuses union with the slaveholder, excludes from its coffers the price of blood, and recognizes his countrymen in chains as equally heirs of immortality with himself. "On the side of the oppressor there is power;" and it would seem that to be screened by that "power" he will be on that "side." Mere politicians may move on in the right direction, but not he until it is *safe* to do so. Hotels, theatres, ball-rooms, lectures, libraries, schools, railway cars, omnibuses and steamboats, are now open to the colored citizens of Boston on equal terms with the whites. But Dr. Stow stirs not towards the opening of the pews in his place of preaching to a colored man or woman, however religious, or however anxious for spiritual instruction. It may endanger his standing with his "respectable white" congregation, were he to attempt to terminate the "holding of the faith of the Lord Jesus with respect of persons." Yet he comes to England and claims to be utterly guiltless of complicity with slavery. He is, forsooth, a decidedly anti-slavery man. When, after his return home, the correctness of this representation is questioned by the very ministers whose favor when in London he desired to share, he stands upon his dignity and affects to think it would be unworthy of his manhood to answer his brethren. "He that doeth truth *cometh to the light*, that his deeds may be made manifest that they are wrought in God. But he that doeth evil hateth the light, neither cometh to the light, lest his deeds should be reproved." Some members of the Board were desirous to screen him, but his silence deprived them of the opportunity. They had nothing to say in his behalf, and judgment went by default.

By the decision of the Board, Dr. B. Stow is convicted of excluding, practically, colored men from his place of worship. By the provision of his pew-deed, now in force, and to which his silence gives consent, every one of the proscribed race, whether bond or free, is discouraged from the hearing of that gospel which his Master commands him to "preach to every creature." So far as that pew-deed can operate, it shuts up to eternal perdition the "ten thousand times ten thousand and thousands of thousands," whom it has pleased the wise and merciful Father of all to create with a distinctive color of skin, which in no degree injures the sensations or functions of the body, and in no degree affects the capabilities and destiny of the soul. At the same time this proscription gives countenance, as doth the whole conduct of Dr. Stow set forth in the report, to all the crimes, foul and innumerable, which are involved in and originated by the reducing to chattelhood of millions of his countrymen, who, by the law of Heaven, are entitled equally with himself to "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." Could my voice reach Dr. Stow, with the affection of a brother and the faithfulness of a friend, I would say to him: "Shouldest thou (thus) help the ungodly, and love them that hate Jehovah? Therefore is wrath upon thee from before Jehovah." (2 Chron. xix. 2.) From this day forth take thy stand with thy persecuted yet heaven-honored brother, George B. Cheever, and "whether men will hear, or whether they will forbear" to hear, "OPEN THY MOUTH, judge righteously, and *plead the cause* of the poor and needy." (Prov. xxxi. 9.) "Cry aloud, spare not, lift up thy voice like a trumpet, lift it up, *be not afraid*;" and show unto thy own flock their transgression in the matter of the pew-deed, and the Churches in America their sins in relation to slavery. "*If thou forbear* to deliver them that are drawn unto death, and those that are ready to be slain," by the operation of the accursed slave-code of thy country; "if thou sayest, behold, I knew it not"—*it is not my business; I have other matters to mind*—"doth not he that pondereth the heart consider it? and he that keepeth thy soul, doth he not know it? and shall not he render to every man" without partiality, even towards such a one as thyself, "according to his works?" (Prov. xxiv. 11, 12.) Dr. Baron Stow, I have delivered my soul; and now on the knee of prayer I beseech the God of salvation to turn thy feet unto his testimonies in this momentous particular, that henceforth thy lips and life may better serve thy suffering fellow-men, and "better please the Lord."

In conclusion. Let me hope that *other ministers* visiting England from your States will come with clean hands and honest tongues. Let them be pure of the blood of the slave. There are not a few of us in this country, who are determined to have no fellowship whatever with any person who either supports or sympathizes with your infamous Fugitive Slave bill, or who withholds his influence from the efforts which are being made to restore to your colored population the rights of which they have been so wickedly deprived. Not only will such persons be refused a seat with us at the Lord's table, admission to our pulpits and a welcome to our homes, but also they will be *publicly disowned*. The press shall cry out against them. I am happy to inform you that a sense of duty in this respect is spreading in this country. We must "have no fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness, but rather reprove them." Dr. McLean, of Philadelphia, has recently been brought to book at Islington Chapel, (Rev. S. B. Hollis's) and his further admission to its pulpit refused. The visits of men like Dr. Cheever, that admired champion of truth and humanity, following upon the telling labors throughout England and Scotland of brethren Mitchell and Troy, missionaries to Canada of the American Baptist Free Mission Society, and especially the self-denying efforts of brother Edward Matthews of Wisconsin, agent of the same Society, who has delivered above a *thousand lectures*, in various parts of this country, *upon this very topic*, have greatly aided to widen and deepen this sense of duty. This duty we owe to God; to the suffering slave; to justice; to mercy; to our consciences; to our children; to our Churches; to our commerce; to our cotton manufacturers; to our country at large; to our fellow-Abolitionists, as well as the ministers and Churches in America; to Africa; to the governments of the earth; and to universal mankind. By the help of Heaven we mean to perform it, and move others to the discharge of it, too. Though we may not boast of numbers, popularity or wealth, yet we have confidence in the public sentiment of this country, in the Christian soundness of our Churches, in the principles which rule us, in the purity of our motives, and, above all, in the gracious help of our Lord and Master, who loveth righteousness and hateth iniquity, and who delighteth to set the captive free.

I am, Mr. Editor, yours to serve for God and the slave,

W. H. BONNER.

Trinity Chapel, Trinity street, Newington, Surrey, England, S. E., Nov. 3rd, 1860.

ANNIVERSARY OF THE MARTYRDOM OF JOHN BROWN.

MEETING IN UTICA, NEW YORK.

A MEETING in commemoration of the martyrdom of John Brown convened at 110 John street, Utica, on Sunday evening, Dec. 2. The steadfast and faithful friends of the slave in the city were in attendance.

SUSAN B. ANTHONY called the meeting to order, and suggested the following organization, which was adopted:

President—EZRA THOMPSON.

Vice-Presidents—Philip Boyce and Mrs. Caroline E. Thompson.

Secretary—J. Anna Rice.

Business Committee—Susan B. Anthony, Job Parker, Mrs. J. C. De Long, Lizzie Thompson, Aaron M. Powell.

Following the organization, John Brown's favorite hymn, "Blow ye the trumpet, blow," was sung.

Susan B. Anthony then read the 58th and 59th chapters of Isaiah, followed by the singing of an anti-slavery hymn, "How hopeful were the early days."

Aaron M. Powell, from the Business Committee, reported the following resolutions:

1. Resolved, That on this, the anniversary of the martyrdom of John Brown, we would unite in the fervent thanksgiving ascending in tearful gratitude from the humble hearts of the oppressed millions in our country, in memory of him, the sainted hero, and of his equally heroic associates, who unselfishly lived and so sublimely died for freedom's sake; and we would proffer anew our deep and heartfelt sympathy to the lone and bereaved companions and families of the martyrs whose crucifixion we commemorate.

2. Resolved, That as an exemplar of fidelity to conscience, adherence to justice, of unselfish love, of devotion to a despised and persecuted race, of faith in God, of generosity and magnanimity toward enemies, of patient endurance and serene trust under severest trials, of parental tenderness and large-hearted sympathy, and through his imperishable and eloquent testimonies, John Brown is a benefactor and savior of mankind.

3. Resolved, That while we have been cheered and strengthened by the widely expressed sympathy for John Brown throughout the North, from platform, pulpit, and through the press, still, in the signs of the times, in the yet colossal sin of slavery, in the new and clamorous demands for further compromise, and the tendency and willingness to acquiese therein, that the "Union" may be preserved, we have abundant evidence that the present is a period in which, as never before, individual faithfulness, stern adherence to the right, and determined and energetic support of fundamental principles, is a solemn and imperative duty.

4. Resolved, That the maxims—"*Resistance to tyrants is obedience to God;*" "*Give me liberty or give me death*"—are ever sacred to humanity, and should be the watchword of OUR REVOLUTION, as they were that of the Fathers in 1776; therefore,

5. Resolved, That we honor Capt. Montgomery and his heroic little band, in their resistance to the tyranny and outrage of the National Administration; and recognize them worthy their illustrious predecessors—Capt. John Brown and sons, Kayi, Stephens, Copeland, Copic, Green, and all the immortal heroes of Kansas in '56, and Harper's Ferry in '59.

6. Resolved, That in the attempted kidnapping of the slave Nellie, from Troy, a few months ago, under official sanction, and more recently of John Thomas from New York, with official connivance, under most aggravated circumstances, the great insecurity of personal liberty in the State of New York is apparent, and we renew, with increased emphasis, our demand upon the newly elected Legislature, for the early enactment of a stringent, uncompromising Personal Liberty law, forbidding, with heavy penalties, with or without official sanction, slave-hunting on our soil.

7. Resolved, That repudiating all pledges of non-interference with slavery in the States, all so-called constitutional obligations and pro-slavery laws, and spurning all ecclesiastical sanction, and all clerical defence of slavery, as of Belial and not of Christ, we renew our affirmation—"NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS"—as the religious and political duty of the hour.

J. Anna Rice then read extracts from the eloquent testimonies of John Brown, given through his letters from the Charlestown prison.

Susan B. Anthony next addressed the meeting. She read, with pertinent comments, and as the basis of her remarks, Matthew xxiii. 13-39. Miss Anthony said, while listening to the reading of the Christ-like utterances of John Brown, she could but note how identical was his position and relation to *this* generation of phariseism and hypocrisy, with that of Christ to the one in which he lived. John Brown—the slave's Christ—speaks to this guilty nation to-day in the terrific denunciations of the 25th chapter of Matthew. After reading those burning words of anathema and reproach, she drew the parallel between the wickedness and corruption of the scribes and pharisees whom Christ denounced, and that of the priests and politicians of our own day, whom John Brown rebuked. The crimes and hypocrisy of two thousand years ago paled into utter insignificance contrasted with those of the slaveholding politicians and priests of America. She alluded to the bearing of John Brown in prison, and to his sublime and triumphant death, which he met so serenely and cheerfully, without the prayer which Jesus uttered, that, if it might be so, that cup of bitterness should pass from him. Miss Anthony made a most searching and effective speech, of which the little sketch given presents but a very imperfect conception.

Aaron M. Powell was the next speaker. He alluded to the secret offerings of thanksgiving and gratitude then arising from the lowly cabins of many plantations at the South in memory of the beloved martyr who, one year ago, had given up his life, that they, the forlorn and perishing victims of a relentless oppression, might be saved and redeemed. The noble and heroic associates of John Brown were also spoken of, and the bereaved and lone companions and friends of the martyrs remembered. It was gratifying to witness, one year ago, the numerous manifestations of sympathy for John Brown; and much of sympathy there was and is in the hearts of the people, in behalf of the oppressed; but we were admonished, by the tendency to yield yet more to the monstrous demands of slavery, that stern and uncompromising manhood and womanhood is now, as in the past, the saving element, of which, as a people, we are in great and pressing need. In the late election, the so-called party for freedom had triumphed, and now, that the great beast which is angered might be again appeased and pacified, it was deliberately proposed to barter what little soul there remained in the North for "a mess of pottage." That men-stealers, women-ravishers, and cradle-plunderers might be persuaded to remain in political fellowship with Black Republicans—black, indeed, in wickedness—Thurlow Weed and other distinguished Republican leaders hasten to recommend that our own firesides be, with unwonted "alacrity," thrown open still more fully as slave-hunting ground, to be polluted and desecrated afresh by the tread of the slave-hunter, and that the strictest loyalty to slavery, in all its constitutional guaranties, be faithfully observed. The Devil, not Christ, was the inspiring genius of American politics. He was ever tempting his devotees to new and degrading compromises. Let the noble and God-like example of John Brown be ever an inspiring presence to us, to guide us in the path of duty and the right, though it lead us into isolation and to unnumbered sacrifices. The need of earnest effort for a Personal Liberty law was spoken of, and "No Union with Slaveholders" indicated as the saving measure for the preservation and promotion of liberty, both North and South.

Additional remarks were made by Mr. Dolman, Miss Anthony, Mr. Boyce, Mr. Powell, and others.

Mrs. Caroline E. Thompson then offered a most impressive prayer, full of tender sympathy for the down-trodden and oppressed, and for the families of John Brown and his associates.

The anti-slavery hymn, "And the days of thy mourning shall be ended," was then sung. The first two verses are as follows:

"Lift up a voice of gladness,
Ye lowly waiting throng;
Oh, dry your tears of sadness,
And raise a cheerful song!

"Hope on! a glorious morrow
Your aching hearts shall see;
And quench their burning sorrow
In freedom's jubilee."

The resolutions were adopted.

Adjourned *sine die*. EZRA THOMPSON, President.
J. ANNA RICE, Secretary.

THE ASPECT IN PHILADELPHIA.

IN a private letter of our Philadelphia correspondent, in which he gives a pleasing account of the prospects of the Fair next week, and of the good social time that may be expected, he has the following notice of the political phase of things in the City of Brotherly Love.

"The public mind hereaways is boiling like a pot. Of course we are watching to see what comes to the surface. For awhile things looked very squally. Weak-kneed people seemed ready to concede everything. *The Bulletin*, in an article headed "Preserve the Union," some Sundays ago, in reply to the demand of the South, seconded by *The Pennsylvanian* of this city and *The New York Herald*, for a repeal of certain laws, held the following language:

"'This is not an unreasonable request, and it should be cheerfully and frankly complied with. The tenor of most of these laws has been much misrepresented. But this matters little. Even if the laws were meaningless and inoperative, yet if their titles or *phraseology* are offensive to our Southern fellow-citizens, if *by any* FORCED CONSTRUCTION *they could be made to* APPEAR *hostile to them, let them be blotted out of the statute books.*'

"What could be more abject? I am pleased to say, however, that the knees of *The Bulletin* editor in the last few days seem less flexible.

"The tone of *The North American* and *The Press* is conciliatory and somewhat concessory, but at the same time it is self-respectful. The M'Clure dinner on Saturday was quite a respectable affair. I had my fears of it, as it was evidently got up as a pretext to enable the Republican leaders of this State to give an expression of their views as to the present crisis. The speeches, so far as I read them, were what might be called *conservative*, without the usual abuse of that word; they advised no humiliating or gratuitous concessions. Even that of the Governor elect, on whose behalf the editor of *The Bulletin* had ventured to give assurance, was free from anything betokening a readiness to yield to an unjust and unreasonable demand. While he admitted that unconstitutional enactments, if any existed, should be annulled, he was distinct in declaring that he had not been able to find any such laws on our Pennsylvania statute book. Let Governor Curtin stick to this, and let the other speakers always be as clear of time-serving, and let Mr. Forney continue to hold the language of his 'occasional' letter in *The Press* this morning, and all will go well. Pennsylvania will not be self-degraded, and we shall in due time see a happy termination to the present embroilment.

"The papers bring us an account of a mob in Boston. It would seem to have been preconcerted, and, I should judge, part of a plan, with ramifications elsewhere.

"Gentlemen—'Union men'—if to *put down abolitionism* is your object, *you are too late! The work is done! The fire of liberty is kindled, and all the powers of earth can't extinguish it!*"

Our European Correspondence.

FROM OUR LONDON CORRESPONDENT.

LONDON, November 13.

THE intelligence brought by the last mail from your city has given great pleasure to the friends of Dr. Cheever, who rejoice with him in the victory just achieved, by legal process, over those who, by an act which I should think is wholly without a precedent, unless in the history of the electioneering Border Ruffianism during the slaveholders' irruption into Kansas, sought the reversal of a decision which, in law, in equity, by invariable usage, and according to every principle operating amongst honorable men, was a *final* one. I was some time ago present at a meeting of clergymen and laymen, at which Dr. Cheever was called upon to explain the way in which the malcontent electors attempted to override and nullify the official declaration of the appointed inspectors, and cannot forget the astonishment created by the account given, which was exactly in accordance with that contained in the proceedings before Justice Ingraham. I congratulate the *true* Church of the Puritans on this triumph of righteous *law* over the machinations of those who have acted so contrary to the *gospel* they profess. I am constantly asked why the disaffected in the Church and Society under the pastoral care of Dr. Cheever do not act, as dissentient members of Churches in this country do, under analogous circumstances, that is, having measured their strength with their opponents and been defeated, retire. When I have explained the reasons, the *object* of the persistent attempts of the minority to gain, by a species of warfare unknown amongst civilized men of the world, possession of the Church, and to eject the pastor, becomes plain and excites both indignation and surprise. The warfare is, in reality, against the *doctrine*, not against the pastor—so determined are they that the lamp of God's truth, which burns in the Church on Union square, so long as Dr. Cheever fills the pulpit, shall not continue to reveal the essential iniquity of slaveholding, and the scarcely less criminal conduct of those who seek by jesuitical "*definitions*" to find an excuse for their admission of slaveholders to their communion tables, and their official connection with pro-slavery organizations.

The labors of Dr. Cheever in Scotland have been lately suspended by a slight indisposition, but he is again at work, with good success, and I hope to send you before long a chronicle of his doings.

I have read, with feelings of unutterable disgust and indignation, the reference in *The Independent* of Oct. 25 to THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, which is described as the organ of a party that "denounces the institutions of the Gospel because slavery exists," and as going beyond *The Liberator* "in all malice and deceivableness of unrighteousness, whose commendation is bestowed upon an anti-slavery minister or Church, not through love of the Gospel, or a desire for its progress, but with the hope of cajoling such minister or Church into a false position towards the ministry at large, and the whole Church of Christ, in order the more effectually to vilify both." Familiar as I am with the abuses of that liberty which the press enjoys both in your country and this, I have never met with an instance of profligate mendacity more glaring, or more manifestly inspired by a malignant spirit, an instance as appalling as it is astounding—regard being had to the professed Christian and evangelical character of the journal whose columns it, pollutes. I will say no more, but leave Dr. Cheever to brand the infamous falsehood as it deserves, and I believe he will do it.

At a meeting of the London Emancipation Committee, held on the 10th inst., a report of the recent proceedings of the London Board of Baptist ministers, on the question of American slavery, was brought under the notice of the Committee. From the statement made, it appeared that the Board had adopted, with but one dissentient vote, the admirable report of its Committee, reprobating the pro-slavery position of Dr. Baron Stow, and recommending that with regard to other ministers from the United States, none of them should in future be received into Christian fellowship, unless they expressly disavowed all complicity with the sin of slaveholding. It further appeared the Board unanimously resolved to address its coreligionists in America, on their duty to purify their body from the foul stain which now attaches to it, of being in direct religious confederacy with slavery, and Church fellowship with the buyers, sellers and breeders of slaves. These statements having been considered, it was "Resolved, that the London Emancipation Committee do express its hearty admiration and gratitude to the London Board of Baptist Ministers, for the praiseworthy fidelity to the cause of freedom and Christian purity, which they have displayed in their recent action upon the great question of American slavery, and would further express its earnest hope that so good an example, and one so pre-eminently calculated to exercise a beneficial influence upon the temporizing or pro-slavery Churches of America, will be speedily imitated by every other religious denomination in the British Empire."

Too much commendation cannot be awarded to the Rev. Messrs. W. H. Bonner and Edward Matthews, for the efforts they have made to enlighten the minds of the ministers and members of their denomination, upon the relation of the Baptist bodies in the United States to slavery, and to bring about the results above described.

Our Washington Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 3, 1860.

THE general gathering together of Congressmen and politicians here from all parts of the country gives the most casual observer a good opportunity to judge of the sentiment of the people of the United States in regard to the secession movement. The Southern members seem to be determined, and somewhat sullen as well as reticent. They have usually heretofore blustered, scolded, and threatened, and they may do so again; but they seem to be unusually quiet. This is a sign that a portion of the South is really in earnest, and means to quit the Confederacy. The Congressmen who come from the more central slave States, as well as the Northern Democrats, are bent on another Compromise, or, in other words, more Northern concessions to pacify "Southern fanatics." No one hears of a proposition to satisfy the numerous class of people known as "Northern fanatics." It is always the South, and Southern men who are to be appeased and satisfied. These Compromisers have no idea that they can prevent South Carolina from seceding, but they do expect to be able to offer her terms after she has seceded. There are a few Republicans here who incline to some kind of a patch-up with the Southern Fire-eaters, in the hope that a panic may thus be avoided for a few years more. That there is a feeling of intense anxiety, if not absolute alarm, among all parties here, cannot be denied. The most enjoyable fact of the times is this—that Mr. Lincoln's victory, or the Republican victory, cannot be taken back. The South, do what she will, cannot blot that fact from history. This is what troubles the seceders. They have most solemnly sworn to go out of this Union if a Republican President were elected. That contingency has arrived, and the disunion States must fulfil their threats or be set down as men who simply threaten without any intention of making their word good.

The Southern members seem to be serious, and anxious, if possible, to secure a peaceful secession of those States bent on departing from the others. The South does not wish to fight. She is too shrewd for that. Even South Carolina, who is aware that war upon her would instantly carry to her side all, or nearly all, the other slave States, wishes to secede peacefully. She would rather go out alone, and stay out alone, than run the risk of the horrors of civil war and a slave insurrection combined.

Congress has not been in session an hour, while I write, and I cannot judge at all from its doings what is the prospect in that quarter. The Republican members *generally* are firm as a rock. The Western members especially are bold and fearless. Some of of the Eastern members are a little frightened at the commercial prospects of the country, and anticipate altogether too much trouble from disunion, even if it really comes. Here is the danger. If the Northern business men do not get too much alarmed, no Compromise will be agreed upon, and no unmanly concessions will be made. It is reported here to-day that Mr. Corwin will, at an early opportunity, offer a Compromise measure in the House; but I can hardly believe it. He certainly will not offer the Douglas nostrum as a cure for his illustrious patient. It is thought by many that he will attempt to revive the old Missouri Compromise, but Southern men and Douglas Democrats will unite to oppose any such plan. It could not get twenty votes in the House at any time. The fact is, no possible concession but that of *a Slave Code*, and an unconditional surrender of manhood, civilization, and all idea of liberty or humanity, will suit the seceders; and unless the North loves money better than manhood and truth, no compromise can be effected. But I do not feel so certain about the virtue of the North.

Another touching slave case has come within my knowledge during the past week. Do you remember the case of Manuel Mason? He is a freeman, who bought himself, and who harbored his own boy, two years ago, for which dreadful crime he was thrown into the District jail. The boy was still a slave, and running from his pious mistress in this city to his father's house, that father was imprisoned for harboring a runaway slave. The boy, it seems, ran to Baltimore and got work there as a freeman. A few weeks ago, a slave-dealer bought him of a certain Capt. Henry, who pretended to act as agent of the legal owner—bought him taking the risk of finding and catching him. He soon found him, and got him across the District to Alexandria jail, where he now lies. The father has been very anxious to have the boy's mistress consulted, feeling certain that she would never knowingly consent to his sale South, she having often asserted that she would not. But the legal owner is a woman advanced in life and cannot be seen, either because she is too feeble to see strangers, or is guarded by the agent who sold the boy, and who lives in the same house with her, from all persons who have called to inform her of the boy's condition. The trader asks $1,000 for him, whereas the market price is not over $500 or $600. He is only fourteen years of age; and slave property has depreciated from thirty to fifty per cent. within the last month. A large price is asked with the expectation that philanthropists will secure him, at any cost, from the fate impending. Some good people here and in Baltimore are trying to see what they can do, but with little hope of success. The boy is Manuel Mason's *last* out of a large family. Every one but this has been sold South. The poor father could not work miracles. He first bought himself, then his wife, but he was old by this time, and his children were gone beyond his recall. One only is left, and he is in jail expecting to be sold for Alabama consumption within a fortnight.

People in this region are selling off their slaves rapidly and at panic prices. This the result of the mere threat of disunion. Slaveholders here do not think their bifurcated property would be worth much after a dissolution of the Union, and they are shrewd. The border slave States would soon become free States without any action of their own. Fear of the escape of the slaves, and of raids from the free States of the Northern Republic, would carry every slave further South in ten years time. So Virginia will not give up the Union, but means to coax South Carolina, Keitt & Co. back again.

A new Republican paper has been started here lately—a daily journal, entitled "The National Republican." It is cautious and conservative, and as I see an advertisement of a public sale of slaves in the columns of the paper, I conclude the proprietors won't be mobbed for Abolitionists for some time yet. Mr. Lincoln's immediate friends give no encouragement that he will foster any newspaper organ here. He has the wit to perceive that the present Administration has been damaged by its preferred organ—*The Constitution*. Doubtless he is wise in avoiding them. Let him keep clear of the office-seekers and the lobby, and he will show still greater wisdom.

AVON.

DR. CHEEVER'S MOVEMENTS.

FROM a letter addressed by Mr. J. B. Murdoch to a friend in this city, under date of Edinburgh, Nov. 12th, we are permitted to copy this extract:

"I rejoice to give you good news of Dr. Cheever's cause from this place. He made his *debut* here yesterday, in Dr. Candlish's church, which was filled to overflowing—every passage crammed. Dr. Cheever gave a truly eloquent and forcible statement in reference to the pro-slavery sentiment so widely prevalent in New York; and he went right to the hearts of his hearers when he told them that even the wide-spread existence of the pro-slavery spirit in the States was not so much to be deplored as the stern refusal of the public mind in America *to allow the Word of God to be brought against the giant iniquity of slavery*. Dr. Cheever also described, in a most interesting manner, the position of the Church of the Puritans. It stood "*on the roughest edge of the battle*," as he felicitously expressed it; and the sympathies of the large audience—between 2,000 and 3,000 people—were manifested not only by their profound attention throughout his long and noble address, but by a far larger collection in his aid than it is usual to obtain at evening services here. But this is only, I hope, the beginning of substantial progress. Dr. Lindsay Alexander, the well known Independent minister of this city, and Dr. Andrew Thomson, United Presbyterian, have already most cordially invited Dr. Cheever to occupy their pulpits. It is expected that he will also preach in the Established Churches. I expect that, in addition to preaching here, and, of course, in addition to a public meeting to welcome him amongst us, which I don't doubt will be a noble one, he will give two or three lectures on the subject of the bondage of the United States to their 'peculiar institution.'"

Another letter from Edinburgh informs us that Dr. Cheever had also visited Dundee and Perth. His reception at the first-named place was most cheering. The meeting was immense and enthusiastic. Addresses, full of eloquence and fire, were delivered by Rev. Dr. Wilson, Mr. Gilfillan, Mr. Hannay and others, assuring the Church of the Puritans and its pastor of the continued encouragement and aid of the Churches of Scotland. The writer who gives us this information says:

"The cotton and mercantile influence in some parts of England is against the anti-slavery cause, just as in New York, from which city, indeed, almost the whole pro-slavery infection comes. The people have been wofully blinded in regard to the amount of anti-slavery prevailing in America. Many are puzzled at first to understand the difference between the pretence of anti-slavery and genuine abolition; but when they do understand it, they are disgusted with the sham, and it is easy for them to see how inevitable is the opposition that Dr. Cheever and his friends encounter in consequence of proclaiming themselves Abolitionists."

MICHIGAN ANTI-SLAVERY CONVENTION.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

ADRIAN, Michigan, November 20, 1860.

MY last work in this campaign has been to assist at the Annual Michigan State Anti-Slavery Convention. Mr. Stebbins, of Ann Arbor, was to have attended also, but was called away after the first evening to attend the funeral of our well-tried and always faithful friend, Richard Glazier, of that town. The unexpected tidings of his death seemed to cast a shadow over our meeting for a time; but we soon remembered how true and constant had been his devotion to the cause of humanity, and how well prepared he was for the departure, and we were comforted; for those who had known him felt that he must have gained all that we and the slaves had lost. That Michigan was the first State in the Union to blot from its statute book that relic of barbarism, THE GALLOWS, was probably more owing to the persevering efforts of our friend, now no more, than to any other private person. He was formerly a Friend, and, I believe, a preacher in that sect; but he outgrew all party ties and trammels, and, for the last years of his life, lived for the hastening of that day,

"When every man in every face
Shall meet a *brother* and a friend."

We had some deeply interesting discussions, in which Mrs. Josephine Griffing, Sojourner Truth, and Samuel Moore bore a part. I have time for no particulars now. Persons were present from Indiana, Ohio, and, I think, one or two other States.

The following were among our series of resolutions: [The resolutions have not come to hand.—*Editor.*]

We also voted to send a copy of these two to the Governors of Virginia, South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama and Mississippi, and to the editors of *The New York Herald* and *Tribune*.

I leave immediately for New England, but hope to return and pass the winter in the West, should my health and strength permit. The labor and exposure are very severe in these Western fields, but they are in special, appealing need of culture. Massachusetts and New York are more desirable to the laborer, especially to the worn and disabled, like myself; but the apostles must not all tarry in Jerusalem.

PARKER PILLSBURY.

REPUBLICAN PRO-SLAVERY MALIGNITY.

THE PERSONAL LIBERTY MOVEMENT —REV. BERIAH GREEN.

UTICA, N. Y., Nov. 26, 1860.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

ONE of the most widely circulated newspapers published in Central New York is *The Utica Morning Herald*. It is Republican in politics—was a very ardent supporter of Mr. Lincoln in the late campaign, and is now among his warmest defenders. Now that Mr. Lincoln is elected, that the South may be "pacified," and its own "loyalty" with that of the Republican party be vindicated, this journal has entered right earnestly and heartily upon the dastardly and unscrupulous service of slavery, by way of bitter and most malignant attacks upon Dr. Cheever and the Abolitionists, and through efforts against the Personal Liberty movement, accompanied with oft-reiterated contempt for the black man. As an illustration of its tone and temper, I send with this, for the pro-slavery department of THE STANDARD, an editorial from *The Herald* of Thursday morning last, headed "A Slanderer on his Travels," full of bitterness and vituperation against Dr. Cheever. You will see that it quite equals, if it does not outstrip the "Satanic" *Herald* of your city, with the added difference against it that it claims to be an organ for the "party for freedom," while *The New York Herald* boasts of its "independent," willing service of Satan, slavery and all manner of wickedness. The article in question speaks so plainly for itself as to require little comment. I would ask attention to it, especially from such of your readers as are Abolitionists with Republican proclivities—or rather, I should say, Republicans with Abolition proclivities—that they may see and know familiarly the kind of bedfellows they take to themselves in their more "practical" anti-slavery efforts, as against out and out, but "abstract" abolitionism. American clergymen, "made up of the best, the purest, and the most unselfish men in the land" (!) are fitly defended from the just and faithful criticisms of Dr. Cheever, by this Republican editor who as characteristically writes down Dr. C. as a "first-class toady," guilty of "reckless libels," "downright falsehoods uttered consciously, deliberately," "his insolent self-righteousness," "his arrogant assumption," "unscrupulous as he is fanatical," etc.!

In unison with *The Albany Evening Journal* and other influential Republican papers, *The Utica Herald* also elaborately defends Mr. Lincoln's loyalty to slavery in the States, and his pro-slavery conservatism. It asks, addressing the South, "What attack has he (Lincoln) made upon the South? What outrages has he committed upon the dignity of slavery? Examine his record; read his speeches; study the history of his life. Has he ever waged a crusade against the South? Has he ever committed a single act that was hostile to her interests? Has he ever advocated a single measure tending to degrade and subdue her? Has he not, on the contrary, uniformly maintained that she should be protected in all her constitutional rights? Has he not time and again insisted that slavery should not be interfered with where it legally exists? * * * HAS HE NOT DECLARED, IN LANGUAGE THAT CANNOT BE MISTAKEN, THAT THE FUGITIVE SLAVE LAW SHOULD BE ENFORCED, *and every other constitutional guaranty accorded to the patrons of the 'institution'?*" In the next paragraph of the same article (Nov. 21) after alluding to and deprecating such prohibitory legislation as has been had in several Northern States in reference to slave-hunting, it says: "*We think those Personal Liberty bills were wrong, and have always opposed and regretted their passage.*"

It is truly lamentable, if not unlooked for, to behold, within ten days past, the humiliating concessions toward slavery, the "*doughfaceism*," prevalent in the columns of many Republican journals. And especially is this the case as pertaining to the Personal Liberty movement. We find among the people many who, one year ago, heartily welcomed the movement—Republicans who signed and circulated our petitions—now are hesitating, and say they must "wait" and see what the Republican party will do. So is rendered necessary redoubled efforts on the part of Abolitionists.

The utter heartlessness of politicians is well illustrated in the following paragraph, which is the conclusion of this (Monday) morning's editorial in *The Utica Herald*. Discoursing upon the slave trade it says: "For ourselves, we are sick of Africa. We do not wish to see the black hordes of that benighted continent precipitated upon our shores. *We wish there was not a negro in the country.* WE WISH IT MIGHT BE CONSISTENT WITH THE PURPOSES OF A KIND PROVIDENCE TO ABOLISH THE RACE ALTOGETHER. *It has long proved our curse; it threatens to prove our destruction as well.*" A Black (hearted) Republicanism truly! Sentiments befitting the editorial pen which tells us of the "insolent self-righteousness," the "arrogant assumption" of Dr. Cheever, who "dares preach the Christ of the slave as well as the Christ of the white man," and which volunteers its defence of the timeserving, cowardly, and hypocritical apologists for slavery—the priesthood of the apostate and oppressive American Church—as the "best, purest and the most unselfish men in the land"!

It was my good fortune to listen to a sermon last evening from the Rev. Beriah Green. He preaches in this city, in Mechanics' Hall, once each month. His theme last evening was "The Birthright of Humanity." A more able and instructive discourse, or one characterized by deeper religious earnestness, I have never heard. A most precious inheritance we were shown to possess, and the richest boon of all is Freedom. Tracing the Divine birthright of freedom in every human soul, however humble, in the black man as in the white, in the poor as in the rich, in the weak as in the strong, Mr. Green illustrated most vividly and forcibly, with an eloquence peculiarly his own, the utter sinfulness of the government and the wicked apostacy of the religion which, joining hands with the oppressor, despoil men and women of their sacred birthright. I cannot in this paragraph attempt an analysis of the discourse, and with sufficient space at my command, I should feel quite inadequate to the task. It may be that through its author, of whom I am informed a copy will be solicited for publication in tract form, your readers may be able to enjoy a perusal thereof. Few men living are as largely endowed with original, or blessed with acquired power as is Beriah Green.

AARON M. POWELL.

P.S. Since my last letter, I have attended a stirring and interesting Anti-Slavery Convention at Poland, N. Y., in company with Susan B. Anthony, and meetings at North Gage and Newport, of which I intended to have written you at this time, but must defer an account of the same till my next.

A. M. P.

MR. JAY'S SPEECH.

LETTER FROM PARKER PILLSBURY.

CONCORD, N. H., November 28, 1860.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

I AM not able to see in the Speech of Mr. Jay (honored last week with a STANDARD EXTRA), anything worthy a place in anti-slavery history. You did; and so acted well to tender it the distinction you gave it. Free discussion forever!

To me,

Miscellaneous Department.

AUTUMN.

Now sheaves are slanted to the sun
Amid the golden meadows,
And little sun-tanned gleaners run
To cool them in their shadows;
The reaper binds the bearded ear,
And gathers in the golden year;
And where the sheaves are glancing,
The Farmer's heart is dancing.

There pours a glory on the land,
Flashed down from Heaven's wide portals,
As Labor's hand grasps Beauty's hand
To vow good-will to mortals:
The golden Year brings Beauty down
To bless her with a marriage crown,
While Labor rises, gleaning
Her blessings and their meaning.

The work is done, the end is near,
Beat, Heart, to flute and tabor,
For Beauty wedded to the Year
Completes herself from Labor;
She dons her marriage gems and then
She casts them off as gifts to men,
And, sunbeam-like, if dimmer,
The fallen jewels glimmer.

There is a hush of joy and love
Now giving hands have crowned us;
There is a heaven up above,
And a heaven here around us!
And Hope, her prophecies complete,
Creeps up to pray at Beauty's feet,
While with a thousand voices
The perfect earth rejoices!

When to the Autumn heaven here
Its sister is replying,
'Tis sweet to think our Golden year
Fulfils itself in dying;
That we shall find, poor things of breath,
Our own Souls' loveliness in death,
And leave, when God shall find us,
Our gathered gems behind us.

—*London Athenæum.*

THE BURNING OF ST. ROSALIE.

In the penitential days of Louis XIV., when Madame de Maintenon had succeeded in putting the belles of his court in high dresses, and making the princes of the blood walk beside her sedan to mass, the dulness and devotion of Versailles, debarred from all the sweets of scandal, was somewhat enlivened by a tale which began to circulate regarding one of madame's most distinguished *protégées*. The young lady was in her nineteenth year, and would have been a court beauty, had beauties been then acknowledged; but the mighty marchioness did not permit such things; and Mademoiselle de Bethune had been placed, nobody knew how, under her special protection. The blood of Sully and of Rohan mingled in the fair girl's veins. She was heiress to broad lands in Provence and Languedoc. Her birth, her beauty and her fortune might have commanded one of the best matches on earth, or at least in France; but Madame de Maintenon and her friends, the Jesuits, were determined on making her a bride of Heaven.

Rosalie de Bethune's mother had early lost her husband in a duel fought in defence of her reputation. Subsequently, the bereaved widow was known as one of the gayest ladies at the court presided over by Madame de Montespan; but having survived her youthful charms, and come to the days of De Maintenon and devotion, she was converted to the most ascetic piety, and died, bequeathing her daughter, with her whole fortune, to the convent of St. Rosalie. It had been founded by one of the young lady's ancestors, ages before the name of Huguenot was known to the Bethunes. Their patronage had been withdrawn from all convents since the Reformation, when they, as well as the Rohans, became Calvin's men; but the nunnery had held its ancient place on one of the dry, sandy plains of Provence, leagues away from town or village, and also kept up the strict discipline of the holy St. Benedict. Though of Calvinistic descent, the heiress had been reconciled to the Church in her early childhood, Madame de Bethune being too much of a court lady to hold a faith frowned on by Louis le Grand. Even the piety of her patroness had never suspected the young heiress of the slightest leaning to heresy. Nevertheless, a life spent in the convent of St. Rosalie was a prospect which no eloquence could recommend to her taste. In vain the spiritual fathers, old and young, of madame's chosen society set before her the sinfulness and vanity of the world; the risks her youth ran in the midst of its many temptations; and the special judgments she might expect for despising her mother's dying wish and solemn dedication of her to the saint whose name she had received in baptism. One assured her that no honorable man would marry a woman with such terrors hanging over her; another found out that there had been leprosy as well as heresy in the family, and both would certainly break out with renewed violence in the degenerate branch which dared to refuse the saintly veil; a third reminded her that, with her fortune and talents, she had every prospect of becoming an abbess, reigning over a community of obedient sisters, extending the fame and influence of the convent, and probably attaining to the honors of canonization.

Neither the wrath to be expected from Heaven, nor the distinctions the Church had to bestow, could move the obdurate heiress of the Bethunes. She respected her mother's dying wishes, she venerated the sanctity of the cloister, half her fortune was at St. Rosalie's service; but she had no vocation for monastic life, and into the convent she would not go. Unfortunately, Pere Duroque, madame's ally and the king's confessor, was first cousin to the abbess of St. Rosalie; moreover, it was a triumph for the faith that the last descendant of two such heretical families should retire with all her wealth to the solitary convent erected by her pious ancestor; yet, to give the sacrifice *éclat*, it must appear to be voluntary; and those ghostly counsellors were sufficiently acquainted with the world they despised and censured, to know that ladies rarely hold out against advice and persuasion so fiercely except there be a lover in the case. The usual machinery of espionage and inquiry was therefore set to work. Between her confessor, her maid, and some inferior instruments, it was discovered that a secret correspondence had existed for some time between the heiress and the Count d'Ambois. The count was a gentleman of ancient family and very reduced estate. The king had made him an officer of the bedchamber; and his mother had contrived to get him introduced to Mademoiselle de Bethune, with whom the count said he had fallen in love; the young heiress believed him; and his mother connived, encouraged and assisted the romance, which was carried on with great privacy, for fear of the mighty marchioness. This being made out, the necessary steps were taken. The count and his mother were admonished to break off the affair, with a promise of place and pension if they obeyed, and *lettres de cachet* if they refused. In consequence, letters and locks of hair were returned with all speed. The count found out his heart had never been affected. He set forth the same day on a tour of Italy and Spain; and his mother employed all her credit to redeem out of the hands of a money-lending goldsmith, a richly wrought crucifix, set with precious stones, and believed to contain a chip of the true cross, which she forthwith presented to the convent of St. Rosalie. The crucifix was an heirloom in the Ambois family, and according to the tradition of that noble House, had been presented to its first marquis by the famous Doge Dandolo, from the spoils of Constantinople. Their arms and quarterings were engraven on its reverse; it had descended from marquis to marquis with the *château* and estate; and long after these were gone, it served the family necessities with the said goldsmith and his congeners.

On this occasion, it served their fortunes also. The nuns of St. Rosalie sent back their thanks, and partly promised the good offices of their patroness above. Madame d'Ambois was taken into court favor, and got a pension; her son was made keeper of the King's wardrobe; yet the point was not gained. In spite of the desertion of her lover, in spite of the fact that she was forbidden the court, that people had orders not to visit her, that her confessor placed her under an interdict at once from the mass and the theatre—the heiress of the Bethunes held out, till her spiritual advisers agreed that the Huguenot blood was in her, and some pretext was sought for sending her to the Bastile. On the very day in which she had been admonished of this design, by a guard being privately placed over her in her family hotel, which she had continued to occupy with the old *maîtresse* and servants, the heiress was sitting alone in one of the great salons, musing over her unlucky wealth, which left her no choice between the Bastile and the convent. Of course, her entire household had been long in the service of her enemies, and acted as so many spies. They were all apprised of the steps about to be taken, and rather satisfied that things were coming to a climax, when the three musketeers took their station at the foot of the grand staircase. But even the porter was surprised when, in the fall of the winter twilight, a monk presented himself, and demanded leave to speak with mademoiselle's confessor. The reverend father had been installed within doors in the deceased lady's time, and knew better than to give up his vantage ground. The monk was introduced to his study without delay, and the confessor was somewhat startled when he presented a letter from the Vicar-General, commanding that Brother Cyprian, of the Society of Jesus, should be permitted to speak privately with Mademoiselle de Bethune.

The reverend father had seen letters from the Vicar-General before; the present was his hand and seal, and Brother Cyprian looked grave and trusty enough to be employed on such a mission. He was a man about middle height; no one could have guessed his age, but there was nothing of decay about him. His frame looked thin and wiry; his face had a fixed expression, like that given by death; and his eyes, which were at once sunken and fiery, had a keen, searching power in them which the confessor did not care to meet. According to the rules of the society, Brother Cyprian was his superior for the time. The monk evidently knew it, and would give no information touching his mode of procedure with the refractory heiress. The confessor had hoped for the glory of her reclamation; but the Vicar-General's command must be obeyed, and Brother Cyprian was conducted to her salon.

The maid, who got absolution for peeping through the keyhole, saw them talking together, but could catch neither word nor meaning, except that her mistress looked first frightened, then thoughtful, and at last resolved; while the monk's face never altered; and the pious *femmè* declared in her confession, that his eyes seemed to look through the door into her very heart. The conference did not last long, but it proved effectual. Within half an hour after Brother Cyprian's departure, which was accomplished so silently that the musketeers only saw him pass, mademoiselle announced her determination to fulfil her mother's dying wishes, and take the veil of St. Rosalie. The confessor ground his teeth over the honor and triumph he had lost, but at the same time made a vow of extensive tapers to the shrine of St. Cyprian, to whose special interference he attributed the remarkable success of the monk who bore his name. Madame de Maintenon and her pious coadjutors were more sincerely delighted, though no inquiry could discover who the envoy was, or whence he came. It was even reported that the Vicar-General, in his first surprise, had positively affirmed he never wrote the letter, and knew nothing of Brother Cyprian, which it was not thought politic to persevere in, though the king himself suggested that a miracle might have taken place. What matter?—the spiritual victory was gained, and the lands in Provence and Languedoc secured; for the last descendant of the Rohans and the Bethunes took the veil, and became a nun in the convent of St. Rosalie.

The circumstances which induced her to take the vows, and to which a strong tinge of the miraculous was imparted in the provinces, gave the event immense interest. It was not permitted to subside. The abbess and nuns, who had welcomed with open arms this valuable accession to their community, soon began to publish such tales of the devotion and austerities of Sister Rosalie—the nun had chosen and been permitted to retain her saintly name—as made their convent famous throughout the south as the dwelling place of a probable addition to the calendar. It was asserted that, for weeks together, she never slept at all; that her prayers ascended night and day from their chapel altar; that the only bed she would consent to occupy was a flat tombstone; and her use of the scourge and haircloth, her prolonged fasts, and exhortations to do likewise, created a pious ferment of emulation among the sisterhood. Then came tales of a still more marvellous character: lights were seen in Sister Rosalie's cell which no earthly hand had kindled; voices were heard conversing with her when she prayed alone in the chapel; a plant in the convent garden, believed to be dying, revived and put forth new buds at her touch; and a nun, long bedridden, benefited so much by her prayers that she rose and walked to matins.

These miracles increased in number and magnitude as they went abroad. The powers of Sister Rosalie brought visitors from village and *château* to the convent. To secure an interest in her prayers for family hopes and troubles, the rich offered gifts to the altar; the peasantry to the cellar or larder; and hundreds who labored under such visible difficulties as a withered limb or an unmanageable sore, supplicated healing from the touch of her holy hand. The list of miracles consequently extended every day, though numbers were disappointed for want of faith. The convent bade fair to be the richest in Provence. Its fame reached Versailles; and as a weight of sanctity was just then wanted to cast into the scale against Port Royal and the Jansenists, the whole court turned out in pilgrimages to the shrine of St. Rosalie and her chosen nun. Madame de Maintenon did not take the journey, neither did the King, for it was winter, and very bad weather; but they sent a great abundance of needlework from St. Cyr, and as the popular preachers came out that Lent on Sister Rosalie and her miraculous conversions, they got their full share of the glory.

The convent was still in the full blaze of its fame—the pilgrims were talking as much about the riches of its chapel, as of the miracles wrought there—when another blaze startled the scattered dwellers on the barren plain around it; for one dry, breezy night, three hours before the ringing of the matin bell, the sky was flushed with a glare redder than that of the coming day, and the convent of St. Rosalie was a flaming pile before the honest peasants could understand the cause. Substantial as it looked, the greater part of the old fabric had been timber, dry as time and that southern air could make it. The fire, therefore, made such rapid progress, and the hamlets were so far from the nunnery, that when the nearest neighbors reached the spot, the burning roof and part of the walls had fallen in, and out of the whole establishment no living creature escaped but the porteress, the woodcutter and the convent dog. Their habitations being in the outskirts, they could give no account of the fire, but that the convent was in flames when the glare and the noise roused them from their sleep. It was too late to make their way into the inner passages; they thought they heard cries mingling with the roar of the flames; but none of the sisterhood ever appeared, and the miracle-working nun must have perished among the rest, for she was praying that night in the chapel, and it was first consumed. The wonders of the terrible calamity did not end here. Though guarded by the provincial police, and diligently sought over, no remnant of the costly plate or jewels with which the altar had been enriched could be found in the charred ruins. Gems, gold and silver, were known to be incombustible; but they had disappeared, though the ashes of the poor nuns were partly gathered. No inquiry, no investigation could throw light on the mysterious fire. The porteress and the woodcutter, though examined by bishops and priests, had no other story to tell; nor was any addition to their testimony ever obtained, except that of a solitary shepherd, who stated, that on the night St. Rosalie was burned, a pair of mounted travellers, with black horses of unusual size, and huge saddle bags, had passed him on the heath, and inquired the nearest way to the sea. All along the southern coast those travellers were watched and searched for in vain. The shepherd could give no account of their faces; he said the moon was under a cloud when they passed. The peasantry began to find out that Sister Rosalie's miracles had not been genuine; a question arose among them regarding the agency by which they had been performed. The unaccountable fire did not seem to them an event of saintly origin. Nothing could be made of it, and it might encourage heresy; so the authorities, temporal and spiritual, did their best to get the convent forgotten, and the peasants of the plain took care to avoid its ruins after nightfall.

Years passed away. The Count d'Ambois and his mother kept the place and pensions they had gained by giving up the heiress of the Bethunes; but though devout and obsequious as the reigning marchioness could desire, they never advanced a step further in court favor. There was no more use for them. The strange and terrible conclusion of the business in which they had served cast an ominous shadow on them; the people in power did not care for the instruments of such a work, and what was worse, no eligible woman would hold parley with the count on matrimonial subjects. Little profit had been made by what Madame d'Ambois was in the habit of calling their great sacrifice; however, she was not the lady to be forgotten; and while just keeping clear of being troublesome enough to get banished the court, her claims were so often and so variously presented to royal notice, that at length, by way of pensioning them off, her son was appointed one of the *attachés* to the special embassy sent to Berlin, where the Elector of Brandenburg was about to be crowned first King of Prussia, and madame was permitted to accompany him.

It is said that Berlin was never so full of odd and unaccountable people as at the splendid coronation of the first Frederick. Adventurers from all corners of Europe crowded to the capital of the new kingdom. Traditions still exist of the high play and fatal duels which came off in the interludes of the royal festivities. The latter were on a scale so magnificent and prolonged as to tire the eyes and exhaust the patience of everybody concerned, except the new-made King, whose love of pomp and pageant was insatiable. They wound up with a masked ball at the palace; to which all comers were welcome, and where, consequently, the police would be in attendance too. The company was immense, and the great salons a sight to be remembered, filled as they were with all varieties of costume. Madame d'Ambois and her son were there. The old Parisian dame, though verging on sixty, did not think herself past a mask; and it was with many complaints of the niggardly allowance assigned them, that they assumed the characters of a monk and a nun, as the least costly; they went in a hired carriage, and mixed, unnoticed, with the motley throng. Nobody knew them, and they knew nobody. The gentlemen and ladies of the embassy were all present; but the count and his mother had come from court under a cloud, and they did not consider it necessary to acknowledge their existence anywhere, much less at a masked ball. The count was an agreeable man, and his mother could talk cleverly; but that night the damp of their fortunes fell on them. In spite of masks and the best intentions, they failed to interest anybody in the gay crowd, were pronouncing it a very dull evening, and talking of going home a little after midnight, when a veiled sultana, whose magnificent Eastern costume and matchless eyes, flashing through two slits in her veil, had been the admiration of the whole assembly, came up to the corner where they stood, entered at once into conversation after the manner of masks, and, as might be expected, addressed herself especially to the count. It was a lady's voice, and a fine toned one. A small and beautiful hand, evidently displayed for the purpose, gave further assurance of a true sultana. Perhaps her son had made an impression on some German princess; at all events, he could take care of himself, and Madame d'Ambois discreetly retired into a quiet chat with an old miner, who, she had reason to think, was a Hungarian nobleman, very tired of the masquerade, and waiting for his carriage; but she kept her eye, and her ear also, on the pair; heard the sultana offer to confess to the monk, and saw him follow her through the suite of salons, till she lost sight of them at a small side door, covered with rich drapery, and leading to a private cabinet, where Frederick had given audience to his favorite upholsterers, and debated questions of dress and decoration for those crowning days. Madame watched and waited long, but they did not reappear. The miner left her, and went his way. She got into other chats, and did some small flirtation with the help of her court training and some talent for the work, in spite of years and adverse fortune. But hours passed, the company began to grow thinner, and still there was no return of her son. She explored the rooms in search of him and the sultana; no trace of either could she find. There might be modes of egress from that cabinet with which she was not acquainted. Out of the side door they had not come. There might be snares laid for the count, though he was poor and prudent. It was six in the morning, and madame would wait no longer. She made her way boldly to the cabinet; the rich drapery covered the doorway; it was but a step from the great salon, yet nobody had thought of turning in there. A single lamp lighted the small but elegant apartment; it was hung with green damask, and festooned with flowers; and there was her son, alone, reclining on a sofa, with his monk's frock drawn closely round him. He seemed asleep; but as madame stepped up to wake him, her feet splashed in something on the floor: it was blood! The mother's shrieks brought company, servants and police into the private cabinet, and the count was found reclining in an easy attitude, but stiff and cold, with a dagger driven deep into his left side. Its hilt was a crucifix richly wrought in gold, set with precious stones, and bearing on its reverse the arms and quarterings of D'Ambois. It was the very gift with which madame had propitiated the powers of the court and the nuns of St. Rosalie. The unfortunate woman knew it at first sight, and the circumstance was believed to have upset her brain, for she lost her reason from that hour, and would never talk of anything but the burned convent and Sister Rosalie. No research or inquiry after the veiled sultana was spared, but trace or tidings of her were never gained by the police in Prussia or elsewhere. One curious fact, however, came to light, which only involved the affair in deeper mystery. It was discovered that sundry jewellers and goldsmiths in the large German towns had purchased from passing travellers, supposed to be foreign noblemen, valuable plate and other costly articles, known to have been presented to the convent in Provence, which, though nobody could tell how, must have escaped the burning of St. Rosalie.—*Chambers's Journal.*

SENT TO HEAVEN.

I had a message to send her,
To her whom my soul loved best;
But I had my task to finish,
And she had gone home to rest.

To rest in the far bright heaven—
Oh, so far away from here;
It was vain to speak to my darling,
For I knew she could not hear.

I had a message to send her,
So tender, and true, and sweet;
I longed for an angel to bear it,
And lay it down at her feet.

I placed it one summer evening
On a little white cloud's breast;
But it faded in golden splendor,
And died in the crimson west.

I gave it the lark, next morning,
And I watched it soar and soar;
But its pinions grew faint and weary,
And it fluttered to earth once more.

To the heart of a rose I told it;
And the perfume, sweet and rare,
Growing faint on the blue bright ether,
Was lost in the balmy air.

I laid it upon a censer,
And I saw the incense rise;
But its clouds of rolling silver
Could not reach the far blue skies.

I cried in my passionate longing:
"Has the earth no angel friend
Who will carry my love the message
That my heart desires to send?"

Then I heard a strain of music,
So mighty, so pure, so clear,
That my very sorrow was silent,
And my heart stood still to hear.

And I felt in my soul's deep yearning
At last the sure answer stir—
"The music will go up to heaven,
And carry my thought to her."

It rose in harmonious rushing
Of mingled voices and strings,
And I tenderly laid my message
On the music's outspread wings.

I heard it float further and further,
In sound more perfect than speech;
Further than sight can follow—
Further than soul can reach.

And I know that at last my message
Has passed through the golden gate;
So my heart is no longer restless,
And I am content to wait.

—*Cornhill Magazine.* A. A. P.

PUBLIC CORRUPTION—ITS CAUSE.

What is the state of public affairs in this country? Can there be any doubt in the minds of men who are calm and dispassionate in their judgment, that we have reached an era of public corruption in our National Government and in our State Governments, which was never paralleled or equalled before? We have never had such a corrupt period of ten years as the last ten years has been. And it has not been wedge-formed, running sharper and sharper toward us, but wedge-formed, running from the edge broader and broader toward us; and the corruption of the present time is deeper and more boundless than ever before. I never shudder at the words of wicked men except when I see them using the name of God, and mouthing truisms of righteousness. When I see it attempted to cover up wickedness and depravity with the phrases of piety and the garments of religion, then I do tremble. You are sending missionaries to the heathen, but you will find no heathen in India comparable to those which you have educated at home. You are sending abroad noble conceptions of liberty; you eagerly devour the accounts of the glorious achievements of Garibaldi, on the arrival of every steamer; you sympathize with every step of the progress which is made in putting down corruption in foreign lands; and what are you doing in respect to the corruptions that are boring to the very centre of your own institutions? There is an alarming corruption in the administration of government; and there is a corruption equally marked in the opinions of men. We have reached a state of things which, if there is not a Christian reformation, will carry us to the very sewer. I knew it would be so. When, ten years ago, it was declared that God's law should be in supreme authority, and more binding upon a man's conscience than any mere human law, there was an outcry of derision, an atheistic howl, which began at the Capitol, and was echoed from paper to paper, from caucus to caucus, and, I am sorry to say, from not a few pulpits throughout the land. The "higher law" became a by-word, and nowhere else so much as in this commercial metropolis. Nothing was more laughed at and trodden under foot than the doctrine that a man owes a higher obedience to God and his conscience than to his fellow-men. How do you suppose that men can stand temptation under such education? When you have knocked the bottom out of a ship, why should not the Atlantic ocean come in? When the Gulf stream of corruption has been for ten years undermining the conscience, I do not wonder that young men steal, that the directors of railroads are defaulters, and that baggage men throw out heavy chests for colluding villians to rob. I do not wonder that there is scarcely a man to be found who can be trusted. How can you trust a man that has no conscience? As soon as a man takes his conscience off from the bosom of God Almighty, it is like a buoy swimming up and down the harbor to every run of tide. The conscience must have its roots in God. A generation of young men, educated to suborn their consciences to public sentiment or human laws, will be fruitful of thieves and knaves. Commerce needs, of all things, *fidelity*. *That* requires implicit obedience of God rather than of men!

Henry Ward Beecher.

THE SUPERIORITY OF MACHINERY.

A mechanic his labor will often discard,
If the rate of his pay he dislikes;
But a clock—and its *case* is uncommonly hard—
Will continue to work, though it *strikes!*

THE TOMB OF THE WASHINGTON FAMILY IN ENGLAND.

LETTER FROM CHARLES SUMNER TO JARED SPARKS.

From The Boston Advertiser, November 26.

We take pleasure in printing the following interesting letter from Mr. Sumner to Mr. Sparks, describing the "memorial stones" of the Washington family, received from the Earl of Spencer. The letter describes the parish church of Brington, near Althorp (the home of the Spencers), and the magnificent park at Althorp; and exhibits the associations between the Spencer family and Washington:

Boston, 22d November, 1860.

My Dear Sir: Since our last conversation, the Earl Spencer has kindly sent to me precise copies of the two "Memorial Stones" of the English family of George Washington, which I have already described to you as harmonizing exactly with the pedigree which has the sanction of your authority. These are of the same stone and of the same size with the originals, and have the original inscriptions, being in all respects *fac similes*. They will, therefore, give you an exact idea of these most interesting memorials in the parish church of Brington, near Althorp, in Northamptonshire.

The largest is of Lawrence Washington, the father of John Washington, who emigrated to America. It is a slab of blueish gray sandstone, and measures five feet and nine inches long and two feet and seven inches broad.

Here is the inscription:

HERE LIETH THE BODI OF LAVRENCE
WASHINGTON SONNE AND HEIRE OF
ROBERT WASHINGTON OF SOVLGRAVE
IN THE COUNTIE OF NORTHAMTON
ESQUIER WHO MARRIED MARGARET
THE ELDEST DAUGHTER OF WILLIAM
BUTLER OF TEES IN THE COUNTIE
OF SUSSEXE ESQUIER, WHO HAD ISSU
BY HER 8 SONS AND 9 DAUGHTERS
WHICH LAVRENCE DECESSED THE 13
OF DECEMBER A. DNI 1616
THOSE THAT BY CHANCE OR CHOYCE
OF THIS HAST SIGHT
KNOW LIFE TO DEATH RESIGNES
AS DAYE TO NIGHT;
BUT AS THE SUNNS RETORNE
REVIVES THE DAY
SO CHRIST SHALL US
THOUGH TURNDE TO DUST & CLAY.

Above the inscription, carved in the stone, are the arms of the Washingtons with an additional quartering of another family.

The other is of Elizabeth Washington, daughter of Lawrence Washington, and sister of the emigrant. This is a slab of the same sandstone, and measures three feet and five inches long and two feet and six inches broad. The inscription is on a small brass plate set into the stone, and is as follows:

HERE LIES INTERRED YE BODIES OF ELIZAB. WASHINGTON WIDDOWE WHO CHANGED THIS LIFE FOR IMMORTALITIE YE 19th OF MARCH 1622. AS ALSO YE BODY OF ROBERT WASHINGTON GENT. HER LATE HUSBAND SECOND SONNE OF ROBERT WASHINGTON OF SOLGRAVE IN YE COUNTY OF NORTH. ESQR. WHO DEP'TED THIS LIFE YE 10TH OF MARCH 1622 AFTER THEY LIVED LOVINGLY TOGETHER MANY YEARES IN THIS PARISH.

On a separate brass, beneath the inscription, are the arms of the Washingtons without any addition. These, as you are well aware, have the combination of stars and stripes, and are sometimes supposed to have suggested our national flag. In heraldic language, there are bars of gules and argents, with three mallets or stars.

In the interesting chapter on the origin and genealogy of the Washington family, which you give in the appendix to your Life of Washington, it appears that Lawrence, the father of the emigrant, died 13th December, and was buried at Brington, 15th December, 1616. But the genealogical tables which you followed gave no indication of the locality of this church. Had it appeared that it was the parish church of the Spencer family in Northamptonshire, the locality, which, I believe, has not been heretofore known in our country, would have been precisely fixed.

In point of fact, the slab which covers Lawrence Washington is in the chancel of the church, by the side of the monuments of the Spencer family. These are all in admirable preservation, with full length effigies, busts or other sculptural work, and exhibit an interesting and connected series of sepulchral memorials from the reign of Henry VIII. to the present time. Among them is a monument by the early English sculptor, Nicholas Stone; another by Nollekins, from a design by Cipriani, and another by Flaxman, with exquisitely beautiful personifications of Faith and Charity. Beneath repose the successive representatives of this illustrious family which has added to its aristocratic claims by services to the State, and also by the unique and world-famous library collected by one of its members. In this companionship will be found the last English ancestor of our Washington.

The other slab, covering Elizabeth, the sister of the emigrant, is in one of the aisles of the nave where it is scraped by the feet of all who pass.

The parish of Brington is between seven and eight miles from the town of Northampton, not far from the centre of England. It is written in Domesday Book "Brinintone" and also "Brintone." It contains about 2,210 acres, of which about 1,490 acres belong to Earl Spencer, about 326 acres to the rector in right of the church, and about 130 acres to other persons. The soil is in general a dark colored loam with a small trace of clay towards the north. Nearly four-fifths of the whole is pasture and feeding land.

In the village still stands the house said to have been occupied by the Washingtons when the emigrant brother left them. You will see a vignette of it on the title pages of the recent English work, entitled "The Washingtons." Over the door is carved the words, "The Lord giveth; the Lord taketh away. Blessed be the name of the Lord," while the parish register gives a pathetic commentary by showing that, in the very year when this house was built, a child had been born and another had died in this family.

The church, originally dedicated to the Virgin, stands at the north-east angle of the village, and consists of an embattled tower with five bells, a nave, north and south aisles, a chancel, a chapel and a modern porch. The tower is flanked by buttresses of two stages. The present fabric goes back in its origin to the beginning of the fourteenth century, nearly two hundred years before the discovery of America. The chancel and chapel, where repose the Spencers and Lawrence Washington, were rebuilt by Sir John Spencer, the purchaser of the estate, at the beginning of the sixteenth century. They afford one of the latest specimens of the Tudor style of architecture. The church is beautifully situated on the summit of the highest ground of Brington, and is surrounded by a stone wall flanked on the inside by trees. Dibdin says that a more complete picture of a country churchyard is rarely seen. A well-trimmed walk encircles the whole of the interior, while the fine Gothic windows at the end of the chancel fill the scene with picturesque beauty.

The Register of the Parish, which is still preserved, commences in 1560. From this it appears that William Proctor was the rector from 1601 to 1627, covering the period of the last of the Washingtons there. The following further entries occur relating to this family:

1616. "Mr. Lawrence Washington was buried XVth day of December."

1620. "Mr. Philip Curtis & Mis Amy Washington were married August 8."

1622. "Mr. Robert Washington was buried March ye 11th."

"Mrs. Elizabeth Washington, widow, was buried March ye 20th."

Of one of the ministers in this church we have an interesting glimpse in Evelyn's Memoirs (Vol. I., p. 612), where the following entry will be found under date of July, 1688: "Dr. Jeffryes, the minister of Althorp, who was my lord's chaplain when ambassador in France, preached the shortest discourse I ever heard; but what was defective in the amplitude of his sermon, he had supplied in the largeness and convenience of the parsonage-house."

At a short distance—less than a mile—is Althorp, the seat of the Spencers, surrounded by a park of five hundred acres, one of whose gates opens near the church. There are oak trees bordering on the churchyard, which were growing at the time of the purchase of the estate in the reign of Henry VII. Evelyn was often here a delighted visitor. On one occasion he speaks of "the house, or rather palace at Althorp" (vol. I., p. 612). In another place he describes it as "placed in a pretty open bottom, very finely watered, and flanked with stately woods and groves in a park" (vol. I., p. 451). Let me add that there is an engraving of Althorp at this time, by the younger Vosterman, a Dutch artist.

There is one feature of the park which excited the admiration of Evelyn, and at a later day of Mrs. Jameson, who gives to it some beautiful pages in her "Visits and Sketches at Home and Abroad." It is the record of the time when different plantations of trees was begun. While recommending this practice in his *Sylva*, Evelyn remarks, "the only instance I know of the like in our country is in the park at Althorp." There are six of these commemorative stones. The first records a wood planted by Sir John Spencer, in 1567 and 1568; the second, a wood planted by Sir John Spencer, son of the former, in 1589; the third, a wood planted by Robert Lord Spencer, in 1602 and 1603; the fourth, a wood planted by Sir William Spencer, Knight of the Bath, afterwards Lord Spencer, in 1624. The latter stone is ornamented with the arms of the Spencers, and on the back is inscribed, "Up and bee doing and God will prosper." It was in this scenery and amidst these associations that the Washingtons lived. When the emigrant left in 1657, these woods must have been well grown. It was not long afterwards that they arrested the attention of Evelyn.

The Household Books at Althorp show that for many years the Washingtons were frequent guests there. The hospitality of this seat has been renowned. The queen of James I. and the Prince Henry, on their way to London, in 1603, were welcomed there in an entertainment, memorable for a masque from the vigorous muse of Ben Jonson. (Ben Jonson's Works, vol. VI., p. 475.) Charles I. was at Althorp, in 1647, when he received the first intelligence of the approach of those pursuers from whom he never escaped until his life had been laid down upon the scaffold. In 1698, King William was there for a week, and, according to Evelyn, was "mightily entertained." (Vol. II., p. 50.) At least one of the members of this family was famous for hospitality of a different character. Evelyn records that he used to dine with the Countess of Sunderland—the title then borne by the Spencers—"when she invited *fire-eaters*, stone-eaters, and opera singers, after the fashion of the day" (vol. I., pp. 458, 483, 579).

The family was early and constantly associated with literature. Spencer, the poet, belonged to it; and to one of its members he has dedicated his "Tears of the Muses." It was for Alice Spencer that Milton is said to have written his Arcades, and Sir John Harrington has celebrated her memory by an epigram. The Sacharissa of Waller was the Lady Dorothy Sydney, wife of the first Earl of Sunderland, the third Lord Spencer, who perished fighting for King Charles I. at Newbury. I do not dwell on other associations of a later day, as my object is simply to allude to those which existed in the time of the Washingtons.

"The nobility of the Spencers has been illustrated and enriched by the trophies of Marlborough; but I exhort them to consider the Fairy Queen as the most precious jewel of their coronet." Thus wrote Gibbon in his memoirs, and all must feel the beauty of the passage. Perhaps it is not too much to say that this nobility may claim another illustration from its ties of friendship and neighborhood with the family of Washington. I cannot doubt that hereafter the parish church of Brington will be often visited by our countrymen, who will look with reverence upon a spot so closely associated with American history.

I trust that this little sketch, suggested by what I saw at Althorp during a brief visit last autumn, will not seem irrelevant. Besides my own personal impressions, and the volumes quoted, I have relied upon Dibdin's *Ædes Althorpianæ*, so interesting to all bibliographical students, and especially upon Baker's History of Northamptonshire, one of those magnificent local works which illustrate English history, to which you refer in your Appendix, but which was not completed till some time after the Life of Washington appeared.

Of course, the Memorial Stones, which I have received from Lord Spencer, are of much historic value, and I think that I shall best carry out the generous idea of the giver by taking care that they are permanently placed where they can be seen by the public; perhaps at the State House near Chantry's beautiful statue of Washington—if this should be agreeable to the Commonwealth.

Pray pardon this long letter, and believe me, my dear sir, with much regard,

Ever sincerely yours, Charles Sumner.

Jared Sparks, Esq.

THE MAIL TRAIN.

BY AUGUSTA MOORE.

With its eye of fire, and its breath of flame,
On, through the twilight, the monster came;
Shrieking and snorting and growling hoarse,
With a comet's speed came the fiery horse.
The air was rent
The echoes fled,
And to their rocky caves they sped.

The tread of ten thousand mailed feet,
The rush of ten thousand pinions fleet,
The headlong course of a swollen flood,
The yelling of vandals athirst for blood,
Were nothing to
That awful sound,
That mighty tramp which shook the ground.

I stood in its path, and I could not fly;
I was charmed by the power of that blazing eye;
Horror and trembling oppresst my breath
As thundering on came the steed of death—
But lo! the race
Of fear was run,
A frightful shriek proclaimed it won.

FINDING A NEW HOME.

The "Poor White Trash" of the South.

New Albany, Ind., Nov. 12, 1860.

One of the common sights in this city is a forlorn-looking "team," with its freight, creaking and thumping at oxen pace over the street stones. It is the whole earthly property of a poor white man from "down country," who has just crossed the Ohio river, and for the first time in his life breathes the air and treads the soil of Freedom.

"Say, neighbor, which is the best road to git out into the State of Indiana?"

The needful directions being given, the worn-looking man, dusty, slouchy, and pitiful, drags his feet onward. Slowly and wearily the oxen wag their heads, and pull the crazy vehicle toward the North star. Two horses, bony, and with patched harness of ropes, leather, and old plough chains, lead the team. On one of them sits an astonishingly small boy, holding the reins, his bare legs and feet dangling, and his dirty, stolid face shaded by the skeleton of an old straw hat that descended from his grandfather. The wagon is covered with patched canvas, and the patches are patched again, and the newest patches torn into holes. The day is warm for the season, and the sides of the cover are tucked up to let air in upon the six children that are packed among the bags of bran and bedding. Twelve twinkling eyes look out, almost fiercely, on every passenger and wayside object, as if half frightened, half suspicious of being caught, cooked, and eaten up by Black Republicans. The same proverb that gives luck to the fool makes the poor man a father of many children. It is wonderful to look at these, all apparently so near the same age as to suggest three at a birth, and then at the young, slab-sided, draggled woman, holding on to the tail of the wagon to keep up her wearied pace with the moving household. But girls are married and become mothers almost before they cease to be children in thinly-settled parts of the country, where women are scarce; and they breed rapidly in the rude state where all the energies of life are given to the animal nature, and none to intellectual culture.

My companion conceived a warm interest for this emigrating family, and also had some curiosity to gratify as to their whence, whither and why. So he fell behind for a few minutes, and reappeared with an arm-load of cakes, which he gave to the woman, who was struck dumb by such a rare and spontaneous gift. Her face, however, expressed real gratitude. S. then stepped to the side of the wagon, and held up a stick of candy to the astonished twelve twinkling eyes, which twinkled immediately with less fierceness and more pleasure. Six sticks, with that beautiful spiral red streak on a white ground, which is so much prettier than a rainbow to all children, converted the troop into laughing suckers, and opened the door wide to conversation with the father of the flock:

"Going North, I see."

"Yes, sir."

"From the South?"

"Yes, sir—about a hundred miles below Louisville, on the Nashville turnpike."

"Well, you've got a lot of boys and girls there that will be able to work after awhile! Going to look for land?"

"That's what I'm calculatin' on—or to git work of some kind—work is plenty, I reckon, in the North. And it ain't no use tryin' to live any longer down where I come from."

My friend had said enough. A Southern man will give twenty answers to one question, while a Yankee gives twenty questions to one answer.

"I left Virginia five years ago to come North, but stopped and bought a farm of fifty acres of land down in Kentucky, and paid $700 for it. Had 20 acres in corn this season, and didn't git a clean bushel to the acre. Drouth killed everything. It wasn't much better last year; and the year before that rain killed everything. So I determined to come North. I had no niggers to work my land, and no money to buy 'em. 'Tain't no use for a poor white man to try and live down there. I know a good many that's bound to starve if they don't come away. They'll starve this winter, if they don't git help. I tried to sell my land, but I couldn't git anything for it; so I rented it out for two years at $40 a year, and I'm going to try the North, where everything isn't overrun with niggers."

This was the poor man's history, given nearly in his own words. To some particular inquiries he answered with such facts as are abundantly set forth in Mr. Olmstead's works on Southern life. He was thoroughly wearied out with successive years of hard work, and at finding that every year made him poorer and sunk him deeper into the ditch of helplessness. He repeated, unprompted, and with great emphasis, "I tell you, it's no use in poor white people trying to get along in that country. They're leavin' it as fast as they can, and they *must* leave it. They're actually starvin' worse and worse every year."

S. and myself had set out for a walk in another direction, and were led nearly two miles out of our way by this encounter. The last that we saw of the household team it was toiling over the top of a hill, measuring its way by slow steps to a land where labor is respected, and where the children of the poorest laborer enjoy the opportunity of common school education.

Some days ago, I saw at the New Albany railroad depôt another family of Southern emigrants. The man was superintending the transfer of his entire property from the wagon to the cars. All told, it was not one horse-load. His wife stood near with seven children round her, the youngest a baby in the arms of the eldest daughter. They had a look of "strangers in a strange land